

*By the same author:* FORTY MISSIONARY STORIES  
SEVENTY-FIVE STORIES FOR THE WORSHIP HOUR  
FORTY STORIES FOR CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HOME, *etc.*

# 30

## STORIES I LIKE TO TELL

*by Margaret W. Eggleston*

A collection of the best stories of this famous author  
containing fifteen never before published in book form

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# Thirty Stories I Like to Tell

MARGARET EGGLESTON


"As a writer of stories for young people, Miss Eggleston has no peer," the *Christian Evangelist* once said. For this book she has selected 30 of these which she considers her "best." Half of them have never before seen publication, but the other half are those that have become favorites with storytellers over the 28 years her books have been published. All but a few are of boys and girls who have found a way to success and inner victory through difficulties and adventures. All are heroes and some have attained national renown. A number of the stories illustrate various phases of life in missionary fields.

Sunday school workers, missionary leaders, ministers and many others will welcome this book.

Margaret Eggleston is the author of *Seventy-Five Stories for the Worship Hour*, *Use of the Story in Religious Education*, *Forty Missionary Stories* and *Forty Stories for Church, School and Home*, and many others. Now retired, she was for some time a professor in the School of Religious Education and Social Service of Boston University.







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*Thirty Stories  
I Like to Tell*







# *Thirty Stories I Like to Tell*

BY

*Margaret W. Eggleston*



P U B L I S H E R S  
H A R P E R & B R O T H E R S

*New York*

186

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CECILY



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## *Preface*

OF ALL THE HUNDREDS OF STORIES THAT I HAVE WRITTEN OR TOLD boys and girls during these many years, the story of Jimmie Stand-by is the one most often asked for. Apparently it is the one longest remembered. I am happy to be able to include it in this volume of stories, hoping that it may do for other teachers and leaders what it has done for me in my work with teenage boys and girls.

At the request of the publishers, I have included in this book several of the stories that are often called for, and have gone out of print because of the paper shortage during, and since, World War II.

MARGARET EGGLESTON OWEN

*Hyde Park, Massachusetts*



*Thirty Stories  
I Like to Tell*







## *Jimmie Stand-by*<sup>1</sup>

ON A CROSSROAD CORNER IN THE LABRADOR, HIDING BETWEEN two old shacks to shield himself from the biting wind, stood a pale, undersized boy of twelve. His clothes were poor and thin; his face was old for his years, and there were dark circles under his eyes. The thermometer registered thirty below zero on that November morning, and his hands were numb and blue as he rubbed them together and clapped them vigorously. Occasionally he would peer around the corner of the shack to see if a dog team weren't coming in the distance, shake his head anxiously, and then huddle back between the buildings again.

Two days before, his mother had run a fishbone into her right arm. Blood poisoning had set in, and everyone in the Labrador, living in a fisherman's home, knew what that meant. Loss of the arm, possibly loss of one's life, unless help came immediately. A neighbor had reported that Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, an English physician who was giving his life to work on the Labrador coast, had been seen miles to the south, and that he was on his way north with his dog team. So Jimmie, one of the oldest of the eleven children in that little, wretched home, had been sent to wait at the corner in the hope of stopping Dr. Grenfell as he passed, and to show him the way to the home. It was nearly thirty miles away. No wonder his face looked old and tired. Suppose his mother should lose her arm!

<sup>1</sup> A story told to the author by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell in 1916, with permission to publish the story after his death.

Had he missed the doctor? Would the doctor go with him? He had waited two hours already. Suppose he should freeze his hands! He turned to his dogs and rubbed his hands in their fur. As he did so, he heard the sound of men calling to their teams, and around the corner swung the sleds bringing the English doctor.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" asked the doctor, as the boy stepped out before the sled.

"Please, sir, won't you come with me to see my mother? We are afraid of poison, for she has run a fishbone in her arm. We live thirty miles to the east, and I will lead you."

"I'm sorry but I can't do that," replied the doctor, shaking his head sadly. "I must hurry, for my patient is very ill ten miles farther on. If I go to see your mother, he might lose his life."

"But, sir," cried the boy, clinging to his hand, "my mother may lose her life! Can't you please come? There are eleven children in our home, and my father is dead. What would we do if mother shouldn't get well?"

"Eleven of them!" repeated the doctor. The boy couldn't have used a better plea. "Eleven children!" He looked at his watch, questioned his other driver, and then said,

"I always want to save a mother. I will go with you to see what I can do." So over the snow they flew with the biting wind stinging their faces, but neither thought of that. They were out to save a life.

One look at the arm told the doctor that the situation was dreadfully serious. The safest way was to take the arm off, he said. Jimmie stood by, his eyes growing bigger and sadder. Take his mother's right arm off! How then could she keep their poor little home? Closer and closer he crept to the doctor, who was working over the sick mother. Finally the boy touched the arm of the man.

"Couldn't you and me save her, sir? I would work all night. I would do anything, sir, if I could save my mother's arm. Remember there are eleven of us, doctor. Can't we try?"



To the north was a very sick man who needed him, but at his side was this brave little fellow, pleading for help for his mother. What ought he to do? Finally he put an arm about the boy and said,

"Jimmie, I will stay and help you make the fight. Get some hot water ready in a big tub and we will begin."

So the two went to work, Jimmie helping in every way he could, and the doctor fighting as only a true doctor can fight for a life. It was a long, hard pull, with little surety of success, but after twelve hours of persistent work, the doctor turned to Jimmie and said,

"Jimmie, my boy, we have won. Your mother will get better and have two arms with which to keep the home for the eleven of you. You have been a fine helper."

Oh, how the boy loved the man! He grasped his hand and held it fast while great tears rolled down his cheeks—tears of happiness and relief. He listened carefully to the directions for the care of the sick one, and then helped the doctor make ready for the long, cold ride ahead. His heart was too full for talk. He just helped get the sled ready and smiled, but the doctor knew what he wanted to say, and couldn't.

As the dogs drew the sled away over the hilltop, Jimmie looked after it with longing eyes.

"Some day, when I am bigger, I am going to help him some more. Some day I'm going to be his man. I'm going to be the best dog-team driver he ever had." Jimmie had found his hero.

Two years had gone by, and Jimmie, now fourteen, stood again at the crossroads. He had grown taller but still looked underfed and poorly clothed. Again he was watching for the doctor, but this time his face was as eager as a boy's face could very well be. He could hardly wait. When he heard the sound of the drivers calling to the dogs, he flew out from the shelter of the buildings and down the road, waving his cap, and calling,

"Hello, doctor! Here I am again."

"Why hello, Jimmie," replied the doctor. "How are you? Is anyone sick at your house?"

"No, sir," said the boy. "We-uns are all well. I came down to meet you because I want to be your man."

"My man?" said the doctor, much puzzled.

"Sure, your man. Didn't your man who drives your dogs die? I want to help you some more. I want to be your man."

"Oh, I see now," replied the doctor. "You want to drive my dogs. But Jimmie, you aren't old enough to drive my dogs. You know I have a big team, and I go on long trips. Sometimes it is hard to get food enough for the dogs, and they get hungry and ugly. Sometimes my man has to go alone on long, cold trips. You wouldn't be safe with my dogs, Jimmie. Wait until you are bigger and older, and then talk to me again."

"I'm not afraid of the dogs, nor of the long trips," said the boy. "I can always make friends with a dog. I want to go. Please take me, sir. Mother said she would like me to be your man. I want to go with you now," and he turned his big, pleading eyes on the Labrador doctor.

"But Jimmie, you are too small," repeated the doctor.

"Just try me once and see," pleaded the boy. "I am bigger than I look. I can help you as much as a man. Just try me."

The doctor laughed, pinched his ear teasingly, and said, "You are surely too small to handle my team, but I will try you. I am going now on a short trip across the channel. You may drive the dogs, and see for yourself how hard it is. Come and I will get you ready."

Not far away was a small co-operative store which the doctor had helped to form, so he took the boy inside, and when he came out, he was the proudest boy in the Labrador. He had a new cap, new mittens and new boots—more new things than he had ever had at one time in all his life. And he was to be Dr. Grenfell's man! He mounted the sled jubilantly and went merrily over the snow, showing immediately his skill in handling the dogs. Mile after mile was covered, and the sky began to look gray with

clouds. Another man had joined them to show the way over the inlet to a home where the doctor was needed.

Suddenly they came across the fresh tracks of a caribou in the snow.

"Look," said the doctor to the man. "That animal has just gone by. I ought to have him for meat for the dogs. The box is almost empty, and I have a long trip tomorrow. Suppose we get the caribou."

Calling Jimmie to stop, the doctor asked, "Do you think you could stay here with the team while we go after a caribou that isn't far away? I need the meat, and I shouldn't be gone long. What do you say?"

Ah! the doctor was going to trust him already. Here was his chance to show that he could be as good as a man. With eager voice, he replied,

"Of course I can stay with the dogs. I'd like to stay. I'll play with them, and we will all be friends when you come back."

So the dogs were loosely tied to a small tree, and the two men made ready for the hunt. As they left, the doctor turned to Jimmie, saying,

"We won't be gone long. You'll stand by, won't you, Jimmie?"

And the boy answered, "You can trust me. I'll stand by."

Jimmie watched until the men were out of sight; then he turned to make friends with the dogs. What fine big fellows they were! Jack, the leader, was more like a wolf than a dog. An hour went quickly by. The next hour went more slowly. It began to snow, and darkness was near. Where was the doctor? He had said that he would surely be back in two hours. Suppose he should get lost! Fear began to creep into the mind of the boy. Maybe he wasn't a man after all.

The dogs were calling for their supper. Should he feed them? A deep growl from Jack made him decide that it was the wise thing to do. After a time he threw out the meat, and the dogs ate it greedily. Then, as was their habit, they just dropped to the ground for the night. Jimmie watched anxiously, worrying more

about the doctor than about himself. If he got lost, he would have no sleeping bag and might be frozen. At last it was too dark to see, and the lonely little fellow knew that he must lie down and be quiet so as not to worry the dogs. Drawing one of the sleeping bags from the box, he placed it near two of the dogs for warmth, and crept into it, always listening for a call or sound that would tell him that the doctor was near. At last daylight came, and the dogs were ready for their next meal.

"The box is nearly empty," thought the boy, as he fed the dogs their scanty breakfast. "What shall I do for their supper?" It was hard work to keep the dogs from fighting. The wind was cold, and they wanted to be free. He was cold and hungry, but he dared not eat any food that might be needed for the dogs. Perhaps the caribou had killed his friend. Maybe no one would ever come to find him.

As time wore on, he questioned what to do. If he loosened the dogs, would they go to some town and be found again? If he kept them there, they might attack him, and then no one would know to whom the dogs belonged. Perhaps he had better loosen them. But no, he couldn't do that. He remembered his promise to the doctor:

"You can trust me. I'll stand by."

Even if he lost his life, he must stand by the doctor. When he had fed the dogs their supper, every bit of food was gone from the box; food for dogs and food for men. Some of the dogs were growling for more. It was a white-faced boy who lay down between the dogs that second night. He thought of his mother and his ten brothers and sisters. Would someone tell them that he had gone with Dr. Grenfell? Would they ever know that he had stood by the promise he had made? He wished he might tell his mother that he loved her. Perhaps then he wouldn't be so afraid. It was so cold. He felt so strange. His feet were numb and his arms ached dreadfully. He couldn't find a comfortable place to rest his head. Oh, where was the doctor? He knew he must lie very still

lest he waken the dogs, and the night was very long and very hard.

When morning came, the boy dragged his weary body out of the sleeping bag. What could he feed the dogs? They were whining for their breakfast. Already two of them had snapped at him. Perhaps they would chew on some leather. He cut pieces from the sled and threw it to them. Would they eat his new cap? Better to have them eat it than attack him. He cut his mittens into strips. Only his boots were left. He tried to pull them off but his hands just wouldn't pull. Oh, how numb his feet were! He had to crawl instead of walk.

What was that he saw in the distance? A sled? Dogs? Perhaps it was the doctor! Suppose they shouldn't see him! He tore frantically at the red shirt that he wore under his great coat and waved it as best he could. Ah! they were coming his way. He shaded his eyes to try to scan the faces of the men on the sled. Then his hopes fell. It was not the doctor. The men were strangers.

"Haven't you seen my doctor?" he called, wearily. "He went away two nights ago. I am waiting for him to come back. Haven't you seen him anywhere?"

"Aye, boy," answered the driver. "We have seen your doctor. He is safe in our cabin now, and we have come to take you to him."

"Why didn't he come?" asked the boy. "He said he would come right back."

"He was lost in the snowstorm which overtook them," said the man. "He said we would find you right where he left you, but we thought you would have left long ago."

A wan smile spread over the face of the boy. The doctor had trusted him. As the men lifted him gently and placed him on one of the sleds, Jimmie whispered,

"I am so tired; so sleepy. You'll take care of my dogs, won't you, sir? If I should be asleep when we get where the doctor is,



tell him I—I—stood by. I want him to know that." And Jimmie was asleep.

But when that dog team came to the cabin where Dr. Grenfell was being treated for severe frostbites, Jimmie was not asleep; he was unconscious. He was tossing back and forth, calling for someone to come to help him with the dogs; for someone to bring more meat for the dogs; for someone to go to find his doctor. When the doctor had looked the boy over, he shook his head and said,

"Take him to the hospital, for he is very ill. Tell them to give him the best care possible. I will come as soon as I can."

For many days Jimmie lay unconscious on his cot in the hospital, and it was thought he couldn't live. His arms and feet had both been frozen, and while he was unconscious, the doctors had had to take off an arm at the elbow and a leg at the knee in an effort to save his life. The nurses often talked with one another about the day when Jimmie should come to himself and know what had been done, for he had called loudly in his delirium, "I'm his man. Now I am really his man. He knows I can be trusted. I am going to drive his dogs and be his man."

Even so, they were little prepared for the bright, cold morning when Jimmie opened his eyes, looked around and said, "Where am I?"

"You are in the hospital, Jimmie," said the nurse. "Don't you remember keeping watch over the dogs while Dr. Grenfell was away? You were a very brave boy, Jimmie."

He tried to think, but he couldn't quite remember. He raised his arm to brush his hand across his eyes. A queer look came into his face; then a cry of despair rang through the hospital that brought nurses running into the room.

"Oh! Oh! I have lost my hand! How can I be his man with only one hand? How can I? Oh, my doctor, why didn't you come when I waited so long? Oh, my hand! my hand!" He turned his face to the wall without even finding that his foot, also, had been



lost. All he could say as he sobbed in despair was, "Oh, my hand! Oh, my doctor!"

Some days later Dr. Grenfell received word that Jimmie's life was in grave danger, for no one could comfort him for the loss of his limbs. He came hurrying to the hospital. Under his arm he carried a bulky package that he laid on the table when he entered Jimmie's room. At first the boy couldn't talk. He held the doctor's hand very tightly while the doctor told him of boys and girls who had spent weeks, months and even years in that same hospital. Finally the boy began to see that he must be as brave about his trouble as he had been brave when caring for the dogs.

"I just couldn't bear to think you weren't brave, Jimmie," said the doctor, after they had talked of ways of helping him to get well again.

"But I wanted to be your man," said Jimmie. "I would rather be your man than anything else in the world. And now I can't be your man."

"Of course you can't drive the dogs now," said the doctor, "but I have many other things that my men do for me, many more important things than driving dogs. I need a man right now; just such a man as I think you are growing up to be. If you will hurry and get well, and will learn to use the things that are in that package on the table, I can use you in that place. You can still be my man."

Jimmie watched in silence as Dr. Grenfell took from the bundle two queer-looking things—a wooden leg and a hook that was to be used as a hand. As the doctor handed them to the boy, Jimmie cried fiercely,

"No, sir, I'm not going to wear a wooden leg. I'm not going to have a hook for a hand. I'm not going to look different from other boys. Take them away, please. I won't wear them."

"I'm sorry, Jimmie," said the doctor, quietly. "I need you, and I thought you would like to help me, but, of course, if you're not even willing to try, I'll have to look for someone else. Good-by,

Jimmie. I hope you will soon be well again. I shall be thinking of you every day."

Jimmie's eyes filled with tears and he hung tightly to the doctor's hand. He had so much to say to the doctor, so many questions to ask, and now the doctor was going right away. Oh, no.

"Did you really mean it?" he asked. "If I wear those awful things, can I really help you? Did you say you needed me? Will you give me hard things to do and trust me? Do you surely need me in some place?"

"I certainly do," replied Dr. Grenfell. "You can still be my man."

"Give 'em to me," demanded Jimmie. "How do I fasten them on? I want to begin right now while you are here."

Patiently and tenderly the doctor fastened the leg at the knee and the long-handled hook at the elbow. He showed the boy how to use them, and encouraged him to surprise the nurses by his patience and courage. The next day the doctor went back to his work.

Did Jimmie try? Indeed he did, in spite of pain and many falls. He practiced every day and, as the weeks went by, he became very proficient in the use of both arm and leg. He carried heavier and heavier bundles with the hook, for he had a plan in mind. He would surprise the doctor.

When he heard the whistle blow on the boat that was bringing the doctor again to that part of the Labrador coast, Jimmie ran down the gangplank, his face covered with wonderful smiles.

"Give me your bag, doctor," he cried. "I'm your man, you know. I carry all bundles now." He led the way up the gangplank, and the doctor could hardly keep up with him. The doctor's face, too, was full of happiness. He knew that they had both won a hard fight.

A few days later the two began a sea trip far to the north where there was an orphanage. Fathers of these children had been lost at sea, for they had been fishermen. As they went, the

doctor told Jimmie about the problems he often had with some of the boys and girls.

"We have to teach them honesty, and to love work. They must learn to have patience and courage, to be dependable," said the doctor. "If they are going to be good citizens, they have to learn these things when they are children. I am taking you there to help them learn to do right, Jimmie, to do as they promise to do. I know they will love you and imitate you. You are to be my man in the orphanage."

A big cheer went up from the shore when Jimmie and the doctor were seen on board the small ship. Jimmie supposed they were cheering for the doctor, so he cheered too. Carrying the doctor's bag in his hook, he followed close behind the doctor, while the children crowded around him. When they reached the orphanage, the nurses and teachers cheered and smiled at Jimmie.

"Hello, everybody," called the doctor. "How are you all? Here I am with that new man I promised you. He isn't very big, but he knows very well how to do what I have told him he is to do. I love him, and you are going to love him too." Putting his arm about the boy as they stood together on the steps of the orphanage, the doctor said,

"Children, this is my new man. His name is Jimmie Stand-by."

And Jimmie Stand-by his name remained during all the many years that he worked as Dr. Grenfell's man on the Labrador coast.



## *The Gift*<sup>1</sup>

BY ANITA FERRIS

BUNGA SQUATTED BY HER MOTHER'S FIRE WHICH WAS BUILT IN A leaf-thatched hut by the side of a government trail, a trail which led to the heart of the African forest. She was watching the bubbling of the peanut porridge in the pot, and it was nearing supper time.

"What was that, Mother?" she cried, jumping up at the sound of a horn.

"That is the horn of a caravan entering the village from the forest," answered the mother, hurrying to the door, while Bunga ran swiftly to sit in the bushes at the edge of the trail.

First she saw a weary gunbearer, blowing the horn; then brown men carrying the tusks of elephants, three or four men to one ivory. Bunga counted them on her fingers, and there were as many tusks as she had fingers on both hands. Surely this must be the caravan of a very rich Arab merchant. It might be—Oh, wonderful thought!—the caravan of a white man. Bunga had heard of men with white faces, but she had never seen one.

At last she saw the master of the caravan. He had a white face. He had long, fierce hair on his chin, and his eyes were gray, as if the rain had washed the color out, Bunga thought. Something brown covered all of his body.

"Maybe it is bark that grows on white men," thought Bunga, pushing ever closer to the trail.

"Mbolo," said the white man, smiling into the bright, black eyes of the brown girl.

<sup>1</sup> This story is adapted and used by permission of the Missionary Education Movement. It was originally published in *Everyland Magazine*.

"Mbolo," replied Bunga, very much frightened.

"Do you bid me welcome to Minteta's village?" asked the white man.

"I bid you welcome," came the faint reply.

"Is your headman in the village?" asked the man.

"I am the headman," said a gruff voice, as a group of villagers crowded around the caravan.

"Minteta, my carriers are sick," said the white man. "Will you give them rest?"

"I will surely do that thing," promised the headman.

"Also," continued the leader of the caravan, "will you supply me with an equal number of carriers to take their places? My ivories must reach the coast in time for the ship."

Minteta waved his arms in apology. "Master," he said, "my men have not returned from carrying loads for the Governor. I have women and girls who could carry for you."

"If there are no men, I suppose I must use the women and girls," said the white man, with a deep frown. "Let me leave tomorrow."

Women and girls! Bunga ran eagerly to the hut to find her mother.

"Mother!" she screamed, "we are going to see the big water. Minteta says we are to carry the loads of the white man."

"Ah!" said the mother, with a smile, "then on that day that is called Sunday I shall see the house that is called the Church of God."

"Not so," replied Bunga. "We must carry the loads of the white man on that day, also, for he goes to hunt for a thing called a ship."

"Did Minteta say that we women and girls must carry the loads?" questioned Obela, the mother, anxiously.

"Of a truth, he said just that," Bunga asserted.

"Then what am I, a person of the tying of the seventh day, to do?" cried Obela. "How can I bear to break this tying, which is the one tying of the Tribe of God that I know? What shall I do,

Bunga? What can I do?" Stricken, Obela stood by the fire, hiding her face in her hands.

"Do not hang your heart up, my mother," said Bunga. "Perhaps the white man is a person of God. Are not all white persons members of the Tribe of God? And I ask you this question, 'Would he not keep the tying of the seventh day?' "

"I must ask him that thing," declared Obela, hurrying toward the trail.

The white man sat before his fire eating the food which his cook-boy had prepared for him. He heard the rustle of leaves across the fire, and then he saw four dark eyes peering at him from the bush.

"Who is it that seeks me?" asked the white man. But Obela only trembled and feared.

"I fear. I fear very much," she whispered to Bunga.

"I bid you come forward," commanded the white man. But still Obela could not move, so Bunga crept out of the bushes.

"Master," she whispered, "it is my mother. She would ask you a question."

"Ask it, and fear not," suggested the white man, smiling at the anxious, brown woman.

"This is my question," said Obela, kneeling before him, looking into his strange, colorless eyes. "Are you a person of God?"

Then that white man by the side of the fire in the African forest, with the eager, earnest eyes of the brown woman upon him, did not know where to look, nor what to answer. When he was a boy in the home of his father, he had gone to Sunday school, but how many rainy seasons and how many dry seasons had come and gone since his feet had entered the House of God on the seventh day he could not remember. Therefore he looked into the fire as he answered, "Once I was a person of God."

"And do you keep the tying of the seventh day?" Obela demanded, fearful of his answer.

"Why do you ask?" questioned the white man with a queer little smile. "Are you a person of God?"



"I would be a person of that Tribe," answered Obela, "but there is no one to teach me the things of the Tribe. One tying I know, and that I keep, but I have heard a word that the people of God are tied with ten tyings. I would learn those tyings, Master. The third day from now is the seventh day, and word has come from Tufa's village, to the two of us that keep that tying here, that on that day the white teachers call the Tribe of God to a great meeting."

"Three days from today!" mused the white man. "Three days from today. Oh, yes, I had forgotten. That day is the day which is called Easter. It is a very great day in the Tribe of God."

"My Master," begged Obela, "if we start before the sun is made tomorrow, on that third day we shall be at the place of the House of God. Master! Master! I am tied not to work on that day, not to carry a load. I will walk all of the night before, and before the sun is up on the following day, I shall surely meet the caravan." Breathless, she knelt before the fire. "Please, Master, do not ask me to carry."

For a time the white man just sat in silence and looked at her; then he said quietly,

"Go in peace. I, too, shall keep the tying on that day."

Obela ran quickly home to prepare for the long, hard days ahead when the heavy boxes would rest on her bare shoulders, but Bunga sat still to watch the white man.

"Hello," said the white man, looking up from his book. "Are you here still?" His glance fell on Bunga's one ornament: a little chain of dog's teeth strung on a strong hair from an elephant's tail.

"I have a little girl far off across the sea," he said, "and she would very much like the necklace you wear. Will you trade with me for this?" and he lifted from a box near his side a wonderful string of red glass beads. They caught the light of the fire and seemed like living coals of fire to the excited African girl. Never had she seen any thing so lovely. Oh, she must have them for her very own! Without even glancing at her own necklace, without

even remembering that the dog's teeth were supposed to protect her from evil spirits, she snatched her necklace off and held it out to the white man. She took the red beads into her trembling hands, letting the firelight play on them again. At last, her face beaming with happiness, she ran home to show her mother her wonderful treasure.

As she carried her heavy load during the next day, with the hot African sun beating down on her shoulders, the red beads comforted her, helped her to forget the sharp corners of her load, and her aching feet. Other girls had bracelets and anklets, but Bunga had beads—red beads. As the day wore away, she thought of the white man's little daughter. What did she look like? What did she wear? A bustle of dried grass, like Bunga? Would she like the necklace of dog's teeth? How could she when she might have wonderful red beads? Was she a person of the Tribe of God?

As the caravan drew near to Tufa's town, the roads were filled with people, single or in groups, all going to meet with the Tribe of God. Never had Bunga or her mother dreamed there were so many people in the Tribe. All were hurrying to get to the House of God.

That night, when the white man sat by his fire, Bunga crept near.

"Master," she whispered, "that little girl that is your daughter, is she a person of the Tribe of God?"

"She is a person of that Tribe," declared the white man.

"Tomorrow—that day which is called Easter—will she enter the House of God?" asked Bunga.

"She will enter the House of God, and there will be singing and lilies," replied the white man.

"Lilies!" repeated Bunga. "And will your little girl make a gift to God?"

"Surely she will do that thing," replied the white man.

"What is the thing that one should offer to God?" asked the girl.

The white man looked so long into the fire that Bunga thought

he must have forgotten that she was there. At last he took a small, shining, round thing made of silver from his pocket.

"I think this is what my little girl will offer to God," he said, thoughtfully.

"Oh!" sighed the African girl, and she crept silently away. She had no such thing to offer to God. What could she do?

Soon the roads were crowded with members of the Tribe of God, and Obela clung to Bunga, lest they become separated. When at last Obela found a friend and began talking to her, Bunga felt lost in the great sea of brown faces.

The white man had been busy settling the caravan. Now he, too, looked lost and strange. People were entering the House of God by hundreds; thousands crowded the yards and trails.

"Bunga," whispered the white man, taking the black hand of the African girl in his own, "my little girl is in a far country. Will you go with me into the House of God?"

"That would be my happiness," replied Bunga. So they went together through the doorway of the huge building and sat down on the hard-beaten earth floor.

First there was singing, a song to Zambe, the Creator. Then there fell a silence—such a silence as Bunga had never heard before. After this, the missionary teacher told of Zambe, and of his Son, Jesus, who died and rose again on Easter Day.

Bunga could understand little of what he said, but when he began to tell of the tens of villages where only one or two belonged to the Tribe of God, and of the tens of tens of villages where they had never even heard of Zambe, then Bunga thought of her mother who had so longed to have a teacher.

"How can they hear when they have no teacher, no House of God to find and train teachers for them?" asked the missionary. "All must help to find these teachers. All must give—the white folks in America, and you here in Africa. Come! Bring your offering to God. Bring it to the altar now."

Bunga watched the people all about her rise and push forward with their gifts—strange gifts for the House of God: monkey

meat, bits of copper wire, food wrapped in palm leaves. Her mother had taken an egg from the cloth which she wore about her waist. An egg! A wonderful gift! She, Bunga, was expected to give! What could she do? She bowed her head in shame, and as she did so the sunlight struck those red beads around her neck, making them seem like coals of fire.

"Give your beads, Bunga," said an inner voice.

Not her beads! She couldn't give them! They were too lovely to give away.

"Perhaps they would send a teacher to your mother," suggested the voice. "Beads for you, or a teacher for your mother. Which?" The perspiration stood on her forehead as she saw that she must decide at once.

Very, very slowly Bunga arose and began to walk toward the altar, now piled high with the gifts of the Tribe of God. How long it seemed! As she neared the missionary, she lifted the beads over her head and held them out toward him. Looking into the anxious eyes of the young girl, he smiled and said,

"This is the most beautiful gift that has been offered to God today." Bunga's voice was almost a whisper as she leaned toward him and faltered,

"Will it—will it send a teacher to my mother?"

"Truly it will send a teacher to your mother," said a kindly voice just behind her, and Bunga looked into the eyes of her new friend, the leader of the caravan. Placing a large, round, shining piece of gold on top of the red beads in the hands of the missionary, the white man said,

"My gift is made because of yours, Bunga."

"And I can surely send a teacher to Minteta's village with this wonderful gift of gold," said the happy missionary.

Then into Bunga's face crept a look of great joy and she smiled up into the faces of the two men, saying,

"If it will send a teacher to my mother, then I make my gift with all my heart," and she quickly ran away to tell the good news to her mother.

That night, as the white man sat by the fire, Bunga came, asking,

"When the little girl that is your daughter made her gift to God this day, was it more than my gift to God?"

"How could I know about that gift made in the land so far away?" he replied. "I hope, whatever her gift, she, also, gave it with all her heart, Bunga." But as he watched her disappear down the trail, the white man knew in his heart that he had never seen, in America, a gift larger than the young African girl had made that day in the House of God.



## *Growing Toward God*

CLOSE TO THE SHORE OF A BEAUTIFUL LAKE, AWAY BACK IN THE mountains of Maine, there grew a very wonderful pine tree. Its branches reached far and wide, as if trying to drink in more and more of the clear air and bright sunshine. Its top reached up into the sky, as if trying to see what was beyond the fleecy clouds that floated above it. Its trunk was straight and strong, as it had need to be when the cold, northwest winds of winter blew down the lake. The great pine tree was much admired by the people who summered in the cottage close by, and they had named it Monarch.

One day Monarch felt someone digging at its roots, and, looking down, it saw a little spruce tree being planted there. Then the great pine tree rustled in all its branches for very joy. It had been lonely living there alone for so many years; now there would be someone to talk to, and someone to help to grow. The little spruce tree heard the rustling, so when its roots were set, it began



to look about to see who its neighbors might be, and it discovered Monarch, the great pine.

"Oh! Oh!" said the little tree. "What a big, big tree! How I should like to be as tall as that pine tree! How much it must see away up there in the sky! I am glad that I am planted close to such a wonderful tree. Perhaps I can grow to be like it, if I try."

That very night, when all was still, the little tree heard a whisper stealing down on the soft, night air. And the voice said, "Little tree. Little tree."

"Yes, dear, big pine," answered the spruce tree. "I am listening to you."

"Little spruce tree," continued the pine, "I am glad that you have come to live near me. You are a pretty little tree, and all the dear children will love you when they come to play in their 'crow's nest,' away up here in my branches. Can I help you in any way?"

"Yes, indeed, you can," replied the spruce. "I have been looking at you for ever so long. What a wonderful tree you are! Tell me, please, how to grow as tall and straight and strong as you."

"That is not a hard thing to tell, but it is a very hard thing to do," murmured the pine. "If you want to grow tall and straight and strong, you must keep looking upward every day, and let nothing bend or break you. You must desire with all your might to become one of the best trees, and then you must grow and grow and grow."

"That I will do," promised the spruce. "I will keep close to you, and every day I will try to grow to be just like you, for I want to be tall and straight and strong."

The days passed by, and every night the little spruce looked carefully to make sure that her trunk was just as straight as the trunk of the pine. Since she had a perfect tree to copy, she grew straight and strong, of course. When the winter came, and the strong winds from the north whistled through the needles of the spruce tree, the pine was just in front of her, and saved her from

the force of the wind. At night, when the wind had gone down and all was still again, the big friend would whisper,

"That was a hard breeze, little one, but it is over now, and you have gained strength by fighting it. Now look up and straighten up so that all the bend will be taken out of you. Measure your trunk by mine, if you like." The little tree would try its best, and then, looking up, would thank the Heavenly Father for its good friend and helper.

Finally, after many years, the little tree had grown so tall that her top just reached the lower branches of the pine. How proud she was then as some of her needles actually touched those of the giant tree! She nestled close to the big limb and whispered,

"Oh, dear Monarch, I have so loved to see you away up here. But now that I can touch you and feel your big strong arms, I don't care whether I grow any more or not."

"Tut, tut, little friend of mine," chided the pine tree. "If I had stayed as small as you are now, you would never have been proud to have lived by me and to have called me friend. Surely no one would ever have called me by the beautiful name that the folks who live in the cottage use when they speak of me—Monarch. Indeed, you must not stop growing. I can see much farther than you can. I can breathe much better as I grow higher up. Then, too, I am nearer to the Great and Loving Father when I am doing my best to grow."

"But you get more of the wind and the cold up there," said the spruce tree. "Down here I am sheltered by you."

"That may be," replied the giant pine, "but you cannot give shelter, nor be an example, if you are content to stay down there. Come up, child! Come up!"

So the little spruce took courage and pushed ahead until her branches were mingled with those of the pine. Now they could talk together of the beautiful things that they could see around the mountain lake. Then, to her surprise, she found that the pine was still growing—still making sure that she, too, did not bend.

"Aren't you ever going to stop growing?" asked the spruce. "Surely you are big enough now."

But Monarch made answer, "I shall never be big enough, no matter how high I grow to be. I have heard of pine trees that were much taller and larger than I, so I must keep on growing. How could I be an example for you if I stopped reaching up? I must grow for your sake, if for no other reason." Then the spruce loved her old friend all the more, and in her heart she resolved again to keep growing every day, to let nothing bend or break her.

One day, very early in the spring, when the snow was just leaving the ground, the spruce tree was looking down and was thinking of the days when she had been a tiny tree. Suddenly she saw a seedling balsam nestling close to her trunk, and she heard the balsam whisper to the arbutus blossoms on the ground,

"Do you see that big spruce tree away up there? Some day I am going to be tall and straight and strong, just like that spruce tree. You just watch me grow, year by year, until my top reaches those lower branches."

"Well, well!" said the spruce. "Here I am pushing ahead to be like the pine, and that little balsam is trying to be like me. I must grow to be very straight and strong if I am to be an example to that little tree. I cannot stop growing, either, for the balsam will be watching me. The old tree told the truth. I, too, am an example."

So the pine helped the spruce, and sheltered it from the blasts of winter; the spruce helped the balsam, and kept the great drifts of snow from breaking it down; and the balsam spread its tiny branches over the arbutus plants and kept them warm, so that the children might have the joy of finding blossoms there in the spring.

And those who lived in the cottage looked at the four friends—the pine, the spruce, the balsam and the arbutus—and they learned from them lessons of strength, of beauty, of courage, of helpfulness and of daily striving.



"We, too," they said, "must look upward every day, and let nothing bend or break us. We, too, must measure our strength by One who is greater and stronger than we are. Each of us is an example to others."



*A Boy of Whom the United States  
Was Proud*

EVERY MORNING THE OLD SCHOOL BUS CAME LUMBERING ALONG the country road beside which Bryan Untied lived. Already it would be almost full of children, but Bryan could always find a seat for the small children who stood waiting with him for that bus. Then he would stand near the door to see that no one tried to get out while the bus was moving. Bryan was thirteen and one of the biggest boys in the bus. His mother knew she could trust him with the little ones.

In the fall and spring it was fun to ride to school and back again, but when winter came in the state of Colorado, the cold was very severe and the snow piled in great drifts. Then it was hard.

One day in March the wind began to blow, and the snow began to fall very fast before it was time for school to be out, so the teacher told the bus driver to take the children home as fast as he could. It was a very cold day, and the storm grew steadily worse. Soon the drifts were so high that they stalled the bus. Then when the engine stopped, there was no heat in the bus, and the little children began to cry with cold.

The bus driver knew that he had to have help quickly, so he

started on foot to get other men to take the children home. If he could find the snowplow, that would help. Before he left, he asked Bryan and some of the other larger children to care for the little ones until he could get back.

Minutes and hours went by, but the driver did not return. At first Bryan played games with the children, knowing that running around would help to keep them warm. When they tired of this, he put on boxing matches. He told them stories, and he led them in singing their school songs. Still no one came to help them through the drifts.

When it grew dark, the children were afraid and began to cry and scream. One boy kicked a window out, saying that he was going to walk home, and that made the bus colder for them all. Bryan took off his coat and wrapped it around the two smallest girls, and his woolen scarf kept the wind from the neck of one of his sisters. He cuddled down by one child and then another all through that long, long night, trying to keep them warm, trying to comfort them and to help them bear the terrible cold. His own fingers were frostbitten and his toes ached, but still he kept trying to keep the children from freezing.

When daylight came, Bryan's little sister and three of the other children had been frozen to death. Several other children were too sick to stand. Eagerly Bryan listened for sounds of the snowplow, or for voices calling that help was near, but it was nearly noon before the rescuers came and took the children to their homes. The next day newspapers all over the country had big headlines reading:

SEVENTEEN LITTLE CHILDREN SAVED FROM DEATH THROUGH THE COURAGE AND BRAVERY OF A BOY OF THIRTEEN. FOUR SMALL CHILDREN AND THE BUS DRIVER FROZEN TO DEATH IN A COLORADO STORM.

The newspapers told the story first; then it was repeated in homes, in schools and in churches. Bryan Untied's name was soon known all over the country. President Hoover heard the story in the White House in Washington.

"I'd like to meet that boy," he said. "I'd like to thank him

for the United States. It is boys like Bryan who make America great."

So one day a letter was sent from the White House to Turner, Colorado. It invited Bryan to be a guest of President and Mrs. Hoover. All his expenses were to be paid by the United States. What a proud day that was for Bryan, who had been sick in bed ever since the snowstorm!

When he was well enough to make the trip, he went to Washington. He was met at the depot by the President's car and rode through the city with people cheering him all along the way to the White House. The President was waiting to greet him, and he ate with President and Mrs. Hoover. He slept in the bed where Lindbergh had slept when he, too, was a national hero and the guest of the President. He was taken to all the interesting places about Washington and met many famous people. Surely no young boy ever had such a wonderful thank-you for being a helper.

"I just did my best and tried to forget myself," Bryan said to President Hoover. "I just did what I had promised mother that I would do. I don't think I am a hero."

"Heroes aren't made in a moment, Bryan," the President replied. "Heroes grow, day by day. They grow as they practice self-control and unselfishness and courage every day in the choices and habits of life. Such boys are ready when their chance comes to be a hero. We think you were a real hero, Bryan, and, in the name of the United States, I thank you for what you did. We are proud of you as an American boy."



## *Wanted—a Real Mother*

MARY KING SAT BEFORE HER DRESSING TABLE IN HER BEDROOM holding in her hand a string of beads. They were pearls, but they showed signs of wear. As Mary looked at them, she grew more and more angry. On the morrow she was to graduate from the high school, and all day long she had been at the class picnic having a glorious time. They had danced and played; they had rowed on the lake and had sung their songs in the moonlight. She had been as happy as a girl could be. To have it spoiled when she came home was just cruel.

Why would her mother give her a string of old beads for a graduation present? Other girls had been given wrist watches and pretty dresses and checks and many other wonderful things. What could she say when they asked her what her gift from her mother had been? A string of old beads! Probably she would be expected to wear them at her graduation. Well, she wouldn't.

Mary had found two letters on her bed when she had come to her room, and she sat down to read them before getting ready for bed. The first was from her mother.

DEAR MARY,

I waited for you to come home so that I could give you my gift, but it is very late. I am too tired to wait longer, so I will leave it for you. I could not buy you a real gift, dear, so I have given to you the dearest thing I have in the world. Every bead has a story which I will tell you some day—perhaps on the day when you graduate from college—but not now. I hope you will love the string of pearls as I do. I shall see them tomorrow on your pretty new dress. Good night, dear. I hope you have had a happy time.

With love,  
MOTHER

Mary stared at the pearls in her hand. Why was her mother so queer? Other girls' mothers had pretty faces, but her mother's face was red and wrinkled. Her mother had very little hair on her head, and it was straight. Mary had once suggested a wig, but instead of buying one, her mother had gone to her room to cry. The girls in her class all wore pretty dresses to school, but her dresses, though neat and made of good material, were always plain. Her mother worked for Mr. Morse, a wealthy mill owner, and they lived in two of the rooms in his big house. But she could never have parties, lest her friends bother Mr. Morse.

Mary thought of the graduation dresses that her friends had told her they were going to wear. Hers was just a simple dimity dress that her mother had made. And now these dreadful beads! It was more than Mary could stand, and she threw them on the bed in anger.

She reached for the second letter and opened it. It was from Mr. Morse. He had often given her checks for the things she needed. Surely this would be another check, and a big one, for he had said he was proud of her school record. Now what should she buy with his money? It was fun to spend it in mind before she saw the size of the check.

Instead of a check, she took out only a long letter. Maybe he was going to offer to send her to college. That would be wonderful. Eagerly she read:

MY DEAR MARY,

A few days ago I chanced to be on the beach near you and your friend, and I heard you say to her, "I wish my mother were as beautiful as yours. Your mother wears such beautiful clothes, and her hair is so well-cared for. I even feel uncomfortable to have my mother go down the street with me, for she drags her feet so badly. People turn around to look at us. It makes me feel very conspicuous. You must be very proud of your mother."

I have decided, Mary, that I shall tell you a story for your graduation gift. The check that I had intended to give you can wait.

"A story," said Mary, scornfully. "That is worse than getting old beads. This house is full of queer people." She read on.

Eighteen years ago there came to a town in the eastern part of Pennsylvania a young man and his bride. She was just a slip of a girl. Her face was full of sunshine, and soon everyone loved her. She had beautiful wavy hair, blue eyes and a happy smile. After they had lived in the town for several months, their story became known. The young husband was the son of a wealthy mill owner. When the boy married his high school sweetheart, and not the girl that his father had chosen for him, the young man was asked to leave home. He was told that he need expect no more help from his father.

The young husband had never worked to earn money, and it was hard for him to buy the things needed for furnishing a home and also support himself and his young wife. She found work to do and, little by little, they got out of debt, and they were very happy.

One day, two years after they were married, a scaffolding fell. Men brought the young husband home, badly injured and not expected to live. That very same night a little girl was born in that small house on the hill. The neighbors did what they could to help, of course. In a few days the father of the baby girl died, and the mother was left alone to support and care for the baby.

When the mill owner read in the papers of the death of his son and the birth of a daughter, he sent a letter to the mother, saying,

"We will take the little girl and bring her up as our own, if you will give her up and have nothing more to do with her." But the brave little mother replied,

"As long as I have a mind to think and two hands with which to work, I can, and will, support my little girl. I thank you for your offer, but I love the child too much to accept it."

To support herself and the child was a long hard task. She tried working in an office, and then on a farm. After a time she was offered a position in a home for orphan children. There she could have her own room and keep the baby with her nights. In the daytime it was cared for with the rest. She accepted the position, and for more than a year was very happy.

One night, when the little girl was nearly three years old, she sat reading in the parlor of the home when some one shouted, "Fire! Fire in the left wing. Fire!"



Her little Mary was asleep on the third floor of the left wing. She ran frantically across the hall where the smoke was already pouring out of one of the rooms. Up the first flight she hurried. Choking and blinded by the smoke, she felt her way up the next flight. Then she dropped to the floor and crawled along. She could see fire ahead of her. Could she ever reach the next floor? Would those flames block the way? Was the child already suffocated?

Ten minutes after that first call of fire had been given, the firemen saw her staggering through the lower hall. In her arms she had a bundle, closely wrapped in a bed quilt. Dangling from the right hand was a long string of beads. Her face was badly burned. There was no hair on the top of her head. She was writhing in agony, but she reached the door, handed her burden to one of the men, and said quietly,

"I have saved my two treasures. Keep them safely for me." Then she fell unconscious to the floor.

For months and months she tossed on a bed of pain. We thought she could never walk again, but she did. She fought death and invalidism for the sake of her child. When at last they brought her home from the hospital, her beautiful young face was old and red and scarred. Her hair had grown only in spots. Her hands were stiff and painful, and one leg dragged. She was alive, and able to work a little, and she made no complaints. While she was ill, I went to the mill owner to ask for help. His answer to me was, "She took my son from me, and I will have nothing to do with her. If she will give the child to me, I will bring it up in luxury, but I will have nothing to do with her."

So, when she was ready to go to work again, I told her that another offer had come from the grandfather, and asked if she did not feel that she had better give them the care of the child. She patted the curly head of the little one in her lap and said,

"If I can fight death for my baby, I can conquer in the fight to live. I shall keep her. You may tell him that the child will not live in luxury, but that she shall know no want, and she shall have both the education and the culture that her father would want her to have."

She was sometimes troubled when she looked at her face in the glass—so dreadfully changed. "I'm glad Mary is too young to remember me as I was," she said to me. "She might have minded my ugly face. Now she will be used to it and think nothing of it."

We had moved into a large house, and there were many things she

could do, even if her hands were stiff, so I offered her a position in our home. I gave her rooms for herself and the child, so that she could make them into a home. She has lived with me all these years, keeping away from strangers because of her shrunken body. She has hoarded carefully what little money she could save, lest there be too little in the bank to pay for a college education for the girl when high school days were over.

I have often heard her praying for strength to fight through the battle with pain and weariness, praying that the girl might grow up to be an honor to the family that had refused to help her. "Let Mary live a happy, carefree life," she has said. "Some day I will tell her the story of my past, but not now. It would kill me to have her pity me. She must love me for myself, and not for what I did. My only happiness is to live and work for her."

So this heroine has spent the eighteen years since I first met her. To my way of thinking, she is a mother of whom YOU may be proud. She must never know that I have told you. Not for the world, however, would I have you add to her burden by thinking that she was not all that you want your mother to be.

Sincerely your friend,

A. E. MORSE

When Mary had finished the letter, she sat staring out into the night, stunned. Her mind seemed unable to grasp the meaning of what she had read. Mechanically, she picked up the string of pearls that she had thrown on the bed in her anger. Her mother had carried them with herself through that awful fire. She had almost told her mother that she would not wear them, that she did not want them for a gift. She remembered her mother's answer when she had once asked her about the scars on her face. "They came from an accident when I was a young woman. Don't let them bother you, dear." The lame foot, the misshapen hands, the red face, the queer little knot of hair—all were the price her mother had paid to save her baby's life.

Her dainty dimity dress was hanging before her, all carefully pressed for the morning. She remembered that it had been years since her mother had had a new dress. She had thought it was



because she was queer. She remembered days when her mother had been nervous and impatient. Had she been suffering? Mary dropped her head on the table and sobbed. How could she have been so blind, so thoughtless, so selfish? What could she do to make up for all the unkind thoughts she had had about her brave mother?

As she knelt to ask God to forgive her, she remembered that she could not ask her mother to do so. "It would kill me to have her pity me. She must love me for myself, and not for what I did." The words rang in her mind as she tried to go to sleep. She tossed and turned in her bed as the hours went by. Suddenly she heard a foot dragging along the hall. How often she had rebelled at that foot! As her mother came quietly into her room, Mary asked,

"Why are you here, Mother? Haven't you been asleep?"

"No, dear," was the reply, and the girl thought she had never heard a more beautiful voice. "I heard you tossing about, and I thought you might be ill. I just came to find out what was the matter."

"Oh, tomorrow is my graduation day. Perhaps I am sorry to leave my school and my friends," said Mary. "I love your beautiful pearls, Mother. See, I have them here under my pillow so they will be safe. Have you had them long?"

"I have had them many years," said the happy mother. "Your father bought them for me when we had been married one year. He worked very hard to earn enough money to buy them. I love every bead on the string, and I shall like to see you wear them for his sake. I saved them for you once in the long ago because I wanted you to have something that he had earned for us. Go to sleep now, and look your prettiest tomorrow,"

Then a slender girlish arm drew the mother down close to the bed, and a sweet girlish voice said,

"Please be ready when the car comes for me, even if it is early, for you are going with me. No other girl has a mother who has

worked so hard to keep her in school as you have done. You are the best mother in the whole, wide world. I am proud of you, Mother."

A gentle caress, a tender good night, and then the sound of a foot that dragged along the hall. On the faces of both mother and girl there were smiles and tears.



### *A String of Ivories*

TAP, TAP, TAP CAME THE SOUND OF POUNDING FROM A DINGY little shop on a back street in Luxor, Egypt, and it was accompanied by the merriest of whistles. There were things to sell in the window, so the American lady stopped outside to listen and look.

Pushing the rude door open, she saw a boy of fourteen working away on a small handmade lathe. In a box before him were many small bits of ivory of all shapes and sizes. Near at hand on the floor was a great dish of thin soup, surrounded by innumerable flies—the boy's dinner. On a table at the left was a box containing many ivory beads of varying sizes, the largest perhaps an inch in length. He was polishing beads with fine sandpaper, and putting holes through them with a sharp instrument. When the door opened the whistling stopped, but the boy's merry face was very appealing.

"What do you want me to do for you, lady," said the boy in broken English.

"I am just looking for things," she replied. "What do you do with that small lathe?"

"I make beads—ivory beads. See," said the boy, lifting some of the beads in the box to show her. "I have worked long, but soon they will be done."

"Where did you learn to make beads with such crude tools?" she asked. "Where did you learn to speak English?"

A merry laugh followed her question.

"I tell you," he replied. "I go to Mission School. My teacher, he teach me English. He watch me make beads. He give me broken dentists' tools, like this," and he proudly held up one of the instruments for making holes through the beads. "If I make good holes, he gives me sandpaper. He makes me try many times. He says, 'Make good beads and they go far. Everybody like. Your beads may go to America. Make poor beads, no sell. Nobody like. No go.' I try to please my teacher. I make good beads, do you think?"

The visitor looked again at the beads in the box; the large, smoothly-polished ones and the small ones that would be at the end of the string. They were beautifully done.

"How long does it take you to make one bead of this size?" she asked, pointing to one of the larger ones.

"If I work all day, from morning to night, I can make and polish one of those, but I have many things to do. I drive the donkey when you go to the Tombs of the Kings. I show people about the temples. I go to Mission School, and I must help my father in this shop. When I can, I work hard at my beads. It has been months since I started."

She thought of the hours and hours of work that the boy had put into the beads in the box. She liked the beads, and she liked the merry, faithful boy. When she left the shop, she had told him that she would buy the beads and take them to America if he would have the string finished when she came back from a short trip to Assuan Dam, farther south. She gave him a small amount of money as a deposit, and asked him to meet her at the train when she came a week later.

All that week she thought of the whistling boy and the string

of beads. Her friends were very sure she would never see him again.

"He has your money, and also the beads," they said. "It is to his advantage to stay away."

"A boy from the Mission School who tried so hard to make good beads is honest at heart, also," she insisted. "I can trust him."

But the boy was not at the station when her train came in. Fifteen minutes passed, and she walked anxiously up and down the platform. She had felt so sure she could trust him. The whistle blew, and the conductor helped all the stragglers to get on the train. Finally he motioned to her that she must get on or be left. Her friends were watching, also, and smiling. They had been right. You couldn't trust one of the foreign boys.

Just then a great shout was heard and the boy came running, breathless, down the street. He was swinging the string of ivories over his head as he ran. His old black gown was hoisted over his knees, that he might run faster.

"Lady! lady!" he screamed, "make the train wait. Here are your ivories. I wanted to polish them one more time."

The conductor smiled at the money that was slipped into his hand, and lowered his arm. The boy quickly dropped the ivories over the head of the lady and stood back to look at them. How beautiful they were over the soft blue of her dress! His face was radiant.

"Ah!" he sighed. "My Mission tell me true. If I make a good bead, it go far. My ivories go to America. Good-by, lady. Good-by, my ivories. I'm glad you go to America." He waved his hands as long as he could see the train. Never once had he counted the money that the lady had put into his hand. His work had been successful. That was all he cared about, all he needed to know.



## *A Hand Was Placed on His Head One Day*

**I**N A POOR LITTLE SCHOOLHOUSE, SITUATED ON THE TOP OF A HIGH hill in the island of Puerto Rico, the children were greatly excited. A government messenger had just come with a letter for their teacher, and they were eager to know what the letter said. So they watched and waited until the teacher folded the letter, and then they all crowded around him.

"Tell us what it says," they cried. "Are we to have a holiday? Tell us what is going to happen."

"Children," said the teacher, "a wonderful thing is going to happen here today. President Theodore Roosevelt from the United States is crossing our island from south to north and will ride right past our schoolhouse. You must all be sure to see him. We will have a holiday and go right out by the side of the road to watch for him. We must not miss him, for he is our friend."

Soon excited groups of children were running back and forth along that country road, watching for automobiles to appear. They had a very long wait, for it was already past noon when the first cars were seen. The teacher quickly lined everybody up by the roadside, and he handed the American flag belonging to the school to little Luis Mendis. Luis was only seven years old. He had dark hair and merry eyes, and everyone liked him. He looked lovingly at the flag, for it had waved over their small schoolhouse since the close of the Spanish-American War, and the children were very proud of it.

Luis stood up very straight, and when the President's car came near him, he waved the flag and smiled. President Roosevelt saw

him, stopped the car, and came where the children were. He talked with them, admired the beautiful flowers and fruit which grew near the school, and asked many questions. Just before he left, he placed his hand on the head of small Luis Mendis and saluted the flag with the children.

"Children," he said, "you will love that flag very much, for it will always protect and help you."

After he had gone and all were back in their classroom, they talked of his friendly smile, of his kindly way with children, and of his salute to the flag.

"Who was lucky today?" asked the teacher, thinking they would reply, "We all were."

"Luis was lucky," cried the children. "The President placed his hand on his head today." And Luis was happy, very happy.

As the weeks and months went by, Luis loved the great President more and more. He read about him in the papers, knew the names of all his children. He read of the great fight which President Roosevelt had made as a boy to get strong and well and of his bravery in battles with the Spaniards. He kept a picture of Theodore Roosevelt in his room, and an American flag was his dearest possession.

"I will be like him," he kept saying to himself. "I will be strong. I will get ready to serve my country."

So he studied the history of Puerto Rico and of the United States, especially of the Roosevelt administration. By the time that he was a young man, there were schools of higher education in Puerto Rico, fostered by the United States, so he went to the university. It was while he was a student there that he heard of the death of the President, and of his son, Quentin. A book had been published containing letters from the President to his children, and Luis sent to the United States to buy it. He read it over and over until he could repeat many parts of it.

At last he graduated and was ready to teach.

"I want to go back to the little school on the hilltop," he said. "I love it there, and I want to begin where his hand was



placed on my head that day." On one wall of the schoolroom he hung a large picture of Munoz Rivera, a Puerto Rican patriot, and on the other side he hung a fine picture of President Roosevelt.

"My children shall love him, too," he said. "I will help them to know him." So, over and over, he told the children about that wonderful day when he was a very little boy and was allowed to hold the flag as the President passed by. He read parts of *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children* to them, often giving them a good laugh at the funny things that had happened at the White House. The story hour became the best hour of the day.

Then one day a second letter came from the government to that small school on the hilltop. It said that all Puerto Rico was to celebrate the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, the friend who had done so much for their country. Would the school like to join in the celebration of Roosevelt's birthday on October 29?

Indeed, they would. They learned poems and stories; they gathered decorations for the schoolroom; they invited parents and friends. It was a merry, merry group of children that left school for home on the day before that birthday party was to be held. And Don Luis, their teacher, was happiest of them all.

But as that teacher walked over the hill and down to the valley below, he looked gravely at the darkening sky. Would it rain and spoil their celebration? It would be a dreadful disappointment to the children.

That night a hurricane struck Puerto Rico. The wind roared over that hilltop, uprooting trees, overturning houses, hurling giant rocks into the road. The rain fell in torrents, and bridges were washed away. Crops were all leveled and destroyed. When the storm was over, all that was left of that school on the hilltop in Puerto Rico was the floor and some of the seats that were nailed to it. No building. No trees or flowers. No books or pictures or flag. Nothing with which to celebrate the birthday of their President friend.

It was several days before Don Luis could get across the swollen

rivers where bridges had been washed away. When he reached the hilltop once more, he found his school children wandering about the hillside. They had no homes, no food. Some had even lost all their apparel and were wearing borrowed clothes. As he looked sorrowfully around, Don Luis remembered the hand that was placed on his head one day.

"Mr. Roosevelt wouldn't have given up when he found things were hard," he said to himself. "He never gave up. He would have gone right to work to rebuild a school for the children, and so will I. My country and my school children both need my help now."

With the help of the children he gathered from the woods and roadsides things that had once belonged in the school—a book here, a table there. The two pictures of which he had been so proud were water-soaked but were still usable until better ones could be secured. The American Red Cross helped with food and clothing, and for a time he taught the children in the yard where the school had been.

It was October again before the white schoolhouse, with its new American flag floating above it, was ready to be used. Then parents and children, officials and friends gathered there to celebrate the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt. The children spoke the pieces they had learned the year before. They sang songs from a platform built on the spot where the President had stopped to talk to the children in 1906, so many years before.

"Tell us again how he placed his hand on your head; show us how he saluted the American flag; tell us what he said that day," clamored the children.

So Don Luis told them once again the story of that wonderful day. He read them from *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children* what Roosevelt thought of the beauty of their island home. When he had finished, all the audience turned to salute their beautiful new flag, and all repeated thoughtfully that which Don Luis had taught his school children to say,

"We will love that flag very much, for it will always protect



and help us, just as it has done since the great hurricane destroyed our homes and our school." For a moment all stood in silence in loving memory of their American friend, and then school began again in the new white schoolhouse on the hilltop in Puerto Rico.

"You were lucky," said a little girl, slipping her hand into the hand of Don Luis as they entered the schoolhouse together. "He placed his hand on your head that day."

And Don Luis knew that she spoke the truth.

*One Girl's Thank-You*

**I**T WAS HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY. MARGARET MEEKER, A HELPLESS invalid, lay in her wheel chair looking out of the window at the flowers in the yard. Her face was white and drawn. Her hair, that lay in ringlets on the pillow, was very gray. Her hand moved restlessly up and down the arm of the chair. Occasionally a tear stole down her cheeks. Margaret Meeker was lonely and discouraged.

For an hour she had been reliving her fifteenth birthday. She had been well and strong at fifteen. She was doing her very best in school, hoping to fit herself for work on a foreign field as a missionary. Her future had been very full of promise. Now thirty-five years had passed, and here she was sick and useless. None of her dreams had come true.

Her father's death had placed the care of the family on her young shoulders. She had had to leave school and go to work, and that ended her dream of mission work. Perhaps she could still do social service work in a large city, she had thought. But

when her sister's spine was broken in an accident, while coasting down a hill, she knew that her lifework must be right there in her sister's home. So she had been little better than a drudge, often unappreciated. She had been a houseworker, rather than a worker for God, as she had hoped to be.

"What have I ever done to help my church?" she asked herself on this fiftieth birthday. "I promised to give my life in service to others. Except for my work with the small class of girls, what have I accomplished in these many years? That was my only chance to help others, my only work for God," she thought.

Now her sister was dead; her own good health was gone, and she lived in a boarding house. Margaret Meeker was lonely. Most of the time she was in pain. She had wanted to be like the flowers in the garden. Instead, she had been like the weeds by the roadside. Her talents had been buried, useless.

"Here's a big letter for you," called the postman. "Looks like good news, Miss Meeker."

The handwriting was strange. The letter was postmarked New York. With a sigh, she opened the letter and looked at the signature. Then a happy smile broke over her face.

"Annie Eames!" she cried. "How wonderful! It has been years and years since I heard from her. What a dear girl she was! I remember the day I gave her new red hair ribbons so that she might look like the rest of the girls in the class. I'm so glad to hear from her." She began reading the letter:

DEAR MISS MEEKER,

I wonder if you remember me? I hope so, for I want to have a real visit with you on paper. Today a very great honor has come to me, and before I accept it, I want to write to you and to give you your own big share in it all. I have been asked to lead a state work for girls in one of the growing organizations in the United States, the Camp Fire Girls, and I want to thank you for it.

"To thank me," repeated the teacher. "Why thank me?" She read on:

You will remember the little class we had in First Church so many years ago. I was dreadfully discouraged over things at home. I wanted to go to school, but I had to stay at home to take care of father. I wanted pretty things to wear, and my clothes were homely and secondhand. Do you remember the red hair ribbons? I still have them in a box in my trunk, Miss Meeker.

I was very lonely all during the week, and so I was always glad when Sunday came. You were my best friend. One Sunday you told us the story of Robert Louis Stevenson and his kindness to the people of Samoa; how he stole into their lives with love and kindness; how he helped them to be peaceable and honest. I remember so well the message that you said was carved on the roadway which the Samoans built for him,

"Because of his kindness to us when we were sick and in prison, we have builded for Tusitala, our brother, this roadway which we have called The Road of the Loving Heart. Fame dies; honors perish; but loving-kindness is immortal."

That story was just what I needed, Miss Meeker. I could build roadways into the lives of others, even if my own life was hard and discouraging. I watched you. I saw what a beautiful roadway you were building into the lives of your brothers and sisters. I saw you make roadways into our lives, just when we needed you most. It was the beginning of my life of service. I was following you.

I wish I could show you the roadway you have built into my life. I never saw you do a mean or unkind thing. I have never heard you complain. I used to sit in church and watch your face, so full of patience in suffering. I prayed to be like you. I have tried to be like you.

Since I left home I have tried to build roadways into the lives of girls. As a result, this offer has come to me, all unsought. It will give me a chance to touch hundreds of lives. I am humble when I think of the task, but grateful for the chance to serve.

So I am writing to you. You are really the one to whom honor is due. As I work with teenage girls all over the United States, it will be your spirit that is helping them to be true Camp Fire Girls, better and nobler women in the future.

Some day soon I want to come to see you. I owe you so much. I want to look into your face and say, "Thank You."

Sincerely your friend and old pupil,

ANNIE M. EAMES

The letter dropped from the invalid's hand. The white face nestled deeper into the pillows. Tears were running down her cheeks, but they were neither tears of discouragement nor of pain. They were tears of great joy. She had been of service in the world after all. Her life had not been useless. She might never be able to walk again, but she could still give and give of herself. She could still be patient and thoughtful and kind. Not in her wildest dreams had she ever hoped to touch all the lives that Annie Eames now could reach in one year. God had used her small talents in developing greater ones.

Leaning from her wheel chair, she took pencil and paper and wrote to the girl who lived at the foot of her street:

"I am feeling much better. Bring your friends tonight and I will tell you stories again. I have remembered one today that I haven't told for years. I will tell it to you as the fire burns brightly and the shadows come and go, for that is the time to dream wonderful dreams."

"Fame dies; honors perish; but loving-kindness is immortal."



## *The Runaway*

**M**OST BOYS, AT SOME TIME IN THEIR LIVES, WANT TO RUN AWAY from home, or school, or work, and some boys actually do run away. This is the story of one of those runaways.

His name was Frank, and he had a father who was exceedingly proud of him. He believed that the boy had a chance to become great, if only he had the right education and discipline. They

lived in the village of Hillsboro in New Hampshire, and Frank went to the school there. He was a merry, affectionate boy and had many friends. He loved his home and his school, so he was greatly troubled when he found that his father was planning to take him from the school in Hillsboro and enter him in a small private school in Hancock, fifteen miles from home. He begged to be allowed to stay at home with the family. He promised to study harder if only he could finish the grammar school in Hillsboro. It was no use to talk or to cry, and one day his father took him to Hancock Academy and left him there.

Oh! how homesick he was! He couldn't eat; he couldn't sleep; he couldn't play with the other boys. His marks were low because he couldn't keep his mind on his studies, and finally, when he began to feel really sick, he made up his mind to run away from the school and to go home. Perhaps his father would change his mind when he saw how thin and pale he had become.

Fifteen miles is a long distance for a young boy to walk, but he started out very early on a Sunday morning, feeling happier than he had felt since coming to the school. It would be wonderful to eat dinner at home, to see the home folks once again. He walked along whistling a merry tune. He was given a lift twice, so he reached home just as people were beginning to come out of the morning service at church. How surprised his mother would be when she found him sitting on the veranda!

But things don't always work out just as a boy plans them. The door opened as he walked up the steps. His father stood there waiting for him. There were no smiles of welcome on his face, and he didn't invite Frank to come in.

"Why have you come home, Frank?" he asked.

"I—I was homesick," faltered the boy. "I couldn't stay there any longer, father. I want to come home."

For a moment his father stood looking out over the lawn. It seemed a very long time to the boy standing before him, wondering how soon his mother would come up the walk to welcome him home.

"Go to the carriage house and tell James I want to see him," said the father.

What did it mean? Wasn't he even going to have any breakfast or dinner? As he went through the house, with dragging feet, he looked longingly into the pantry. Returning with the coachman, they found his father still standing in the door, waiting for them.

"James," said his father, quietly, "take the gray mare and the chaise and carry Frank halfway to Hancock. He will walk the rest of the way. Good-by, son. Study hard, and learn to be contented wherever you are."

Not a word of reproach. Not a word about waiting to see his mother when she came from church. Halfway to Hancock! He was so tired and so hungry. If only he could wait until Monday! But his father had gone into the house and had shut the door.

The coachman and the boy rode for the first mile in silence. The coachman loved the good-looking boy who was usually so merry and talkative, but was now so puzzled and unhappy. He was too sorry for the boy to want to talk. The boy couldn't talk because the lump in his throat grew bigger and bigger and seemed to choke him. If only he could have a good cry! When half the distance had been covered, the coachman stopped the gray mare and said, with a big sigh,

"This is where I have to leave you, Frank. I'm sorry, but I have to do what your father expects me to do."

"And so do I," said the boy, as he watched the chaise disappear around a bend in the road. Deep woods lined the road for more than a mile, and the boy hurried through them. The way seemed endless as he trudged on mile after mile. He was very hungry, and his feet were beginning to be sore. He was sure a blister had formed on his heel. If only someone would come along to give him a lift! But no one came. Shadows told him that night was coming. Late in the afternoon there were flashes of lightning and heavy thunder.

"A storm is coming," cried the boy, much frightened. "I must



get to school as fast as ever I can. I will run." But the rain began when he had gone only a few rods, so he stopped under a big tree to rest and to keep dry. Suddenly a flash of lightning splintered a tree just ahead of him and almost deafened him. He remembered his father's advice, "Never stay under a tree in a thunderstorm," so he ran on, his clothing soaked through, his face white with fear and fatigue. Darkness followed the storm, and still he walked toward Hancock.

The schoolboys were all in bed when he reached there. They were expecting him, for his father had called to say that Frank was on his way back. He was terribly hungry, but he could not eat the food that had been prepared for him. He was wet and dirty, but even a hot bath seemed too much of an effort. He just wanted to fall into bed, wrap his tired, aching feet in something soft, and then think back over the long, long day. He hadn't seen his mother or his brothers or his school friends, all of whom he had longed to see. He had run away just for nothing. Did his father love him? If he did, why hadn't he given him something to eat, and then had James carry him all the way back to Hancock? It was all very puzzling, all very disappointing. Running away had been worse than staying at school and being homesick. So Frank covered his face with the pillow and had that good cry he had been wanting to have ever since he had met his father at the house door.

Frank completed the work at Hancock and, when he was only sixteen years old, he had graduated from Exeter Academy and was ready to enter Bowdoin College. Let's see what this runaway boy finally became. In 1827 his father was made Governor of New Hampshire, and the youngest member of the House of Representatives in New Hampshire was the Governor's son—Frank. In 1833, he was sent by the state to Washington to be a member of Congress. In 1845, he was offered the governorship of New Hampshire but refused it.

When he was forty-eight years old, in 1852, he was elected



President of the United States, the youngest President ever to be elected at that time. Franklin Pierce—the runaway boy—had climbed to the very top of the ladder of fame.

One day he told a group of Bowdoin College boys the story of that famous adventure. "I am convinced," he said, "that it was the turning point of my life, for I made up my mind that night that I would never give in to anything again, just because it was hard. I have been very grateful to my father for his firmness, even though that day stands out as one of the hardest days of my whole life."



### *Andy Behr—the Laplander*

YOU MEAN YOU ARE PLANNING TO SEND THREE THOUSAND REIN-deer all the way from Alaska to the Mackenzie River?" asked Andy Behr, the best-known reindeer herder in North America. "Why, men, it would take a man nearly a year to make that trek. If he had three thousand animals in his care, it would take three years, maybe more. No, I'm not interested. I'm through with herding. I want to live here in my Seattle home and be warm and comfortable. I'm too old. I cannot go."

The government officials, who had been sent to secure the services of this small, gray-haired Laplander, could not take no for an answer.

"But, Andy," they argued, "the Eskimos who live along the eastern bank of that river are starving. Wild animals are scarce. Seals come rarely. We just must get food to them. A herd of reindeer would give them meat and milk and cheese. It would give them skins for needed clothing and for use in their homes. You

must do it for us, Andy. There is no other herder capable of getting such a herd over the mountains. Think it over! Remember, the children are starving."

And Andy Behr did think it over, and then over again. He had been a herder all his life on the barren plains of Alaska. He knew how hard that trek would be. He kept saying to himself,

"I am too old. It needs a younger man. I am too tired." But excuses didn't help. He knew that no young man could, or would, be a success. When he thought of the starving people in their cold homes, he couldn't enjoy his warm bed or his good food.

So, at last, he pulled out his snowshoes, his clothing made of beautiful furs, his hunting knife, and started for Alaska where the herd was to be corralled.

From many deer, three thousand young, strong animals were selected. Then from the surrounding villages, brave, strong men were hired; sleds were carefully packed with clothing, sleeping bags, food, tools and medicines. Dogs were selected and bought. So it was the week before Christmas when the corral was opened and the vast herd rushed, pell-mell, out across the cold, desolate countryside. The dogs barked and the herders yelled. The noise of the herd's tramp, tramp was deafening. Last of all to mount his sled was Andy Behr, dressed from head to foot in warm furs.

"The corral is already being built on the Mackenzie," cried the government officials, "and many caches of food have already been dropped. We shall surely keep you in food, and if you get fifty deer to the Mackenzie, we shall be satisfied. Five thousand Eskimos await your coming!"

"Fifty deer!" echoed Andy Behr, scornfully. "Give me time and men and food and I will get three thousand reindeer to the Eskimos. Farewell." And he was off, courageous and sure of his ability to save the starving people.

First they had to cross a wild, desolate tableland in Alaska where the hungry wolves were ever close behind the herd, eating many; where the cold seemed to penetrate even the thickest of their furs. For weeks there was no sunshine, and the days were

dark, almost as night. There was no road. Sometimes they missed the food which had been dropped for them. The way seemed endless, but at the end of a year the herd was grazing on the upper end of the Rocky Mountains, on the western slope. These mountains had to be crossed through narrow trails and over dangerous passes. Some of the herders turned back; some died; all were discontented. But, like Columbus, Andy Behr pressed on, hiring new herders along the way.

Another year went by, and then they were over the mountains and ready to cross the great, cold Arctic plain with its awful gales of wind. In the summer there were swamps filled with big mosquitoes which pestered men and animals. Here the young deer were allowed to graze until strong enough to travel with the herd. In the winter the bogs turned to ice fields, rough and forbidding. Several times during blizzards his deer stampeded and had to be rounded up again. Wild herds joined his herd and caused trouble, often fighting to the death with the male deer.

Andy grew very tired; at times, he felt that he could never go on; but starving people were looking for him, and on he went.

A fourth year had passed before he reached the great delta of the Mackenzie, sixty miles wide, where the river empties into the ocean. Fortunately, the ice was thick and safe enough for his herd.

"We must hurry, men," he called to his herders. "A storm is surely coming. Rush the deer on as fast as you can." How excited they all were! Their journey was almost over.

But the blizzard caught up with Andy. The sleet and snow, blowing right into the faces of the herd, blinded them and, with a great roar, they stampeded back—anywhere to get out of the storm. The dogs and herders were helpless. For weeks, they hunted those deer. When they were all rounded up again, the ice had gone out of the river, leaving Andy Behr to wait right there for many months.

Such restless months as they were! To be sure the grazing was good, but those children that needed food could not wait. Andy

Behr was now sixty-five years of age, and eager to be at home.

It was Christmas time again—1934—five long years from that Christmas when the trek had begun in Alaska. The ice was thick, and the weather was clear. Another start must be made.

“We shall go steadily on, not stopping to eat or sleep,” he told his men. “Push on as fast as the deer will go, lest we meet another storm.” So, through cold and fog and storm they traveled across the delta.

The Eskimos had almost given up hope; the time had been so long. But one day they heard the thunder of hoofs, the barking of dogs, the shouts of herders. They watched and listened; then they ran back and forth calling to their neighbors,

“He has come! He has come! Andy Behr has come to save us!”

When they saw the small, wrinkled, weary man, and looked with wonder at the herd he had brought—not fifty, but three thousand deer, and more—they fell on his neck in thanksgiving. Through almost unbelievable hardships, with danger stalking him every mile of the way, he had brought to them and to their children meat and milk and cheese and skins.

“We need never be hungry again, for Andy Behr is our savior,” they cried.

So, today, in that northwestern part of Canada—so far north that it is beyond the Arctic Circle—the Eskimo mothers tell their children the story of that long trek when their government, with the aid of Andy Behr, sent three thousand reindeer to be the foundation of their now-famous herd.



## *The Royal Errand*

**T**HE OLD GRAY CASTLE, HIGH ON THE CLIFFS, LOOKED STERN AND forbidding as the young knight rode swiftly toward it in the early dawn. The sun was just pushing its head up over the hill, touching the earth here and there with tints of red and yellow. But none of the light touched the castle. It stood so dark and still that the knight almost hesitated to pull the great bell rope to announce his coming.

He was clad in full armor. He rode on a coal-black charger, and he had come at the command of the king. He was eager to serve, for he was brave and true. When the drawbridge was lowered and the great gate swung open, his face glowed with pride, and he held his head high as he heard the herald call: "The messenger of the King comes. Tell ye our Lord, the King." His great horse pawed the ground with impatience as they waited. Like his master, he was eager to be away over the hills and valleys in search of adventure.

A trumpet announced the arrival of the king, and the knight raised his helmet and bowed low before him. He loved his king. He longed to show that love by deeds well done, and by a life of loyal service.

In silence the two rode together through the courtyard to the great gate by which the knight had entered the castle. In his hand the king carried a roll of parchment, and his face seemed very grave and sad.

"Surely," thought the knight, "this is to be a sacred task that he is to give to me. Ah! that he should have chosen me! I am honored by the call of the King." As they came to the drawbridge, the king halted. Looking the knight full in the face, he asked,

"Art thou ready to ride for me, Sir Knight?"

"Aye, Sire, I am ready and eager," was the quick reply.

"Here is a message which I would send to all my people. It is for great and small; it is for rich and poor. It will bring blessings unto all who heed it. Guard it well. Wilt thou do this for me, Sir Knight?" asked the king.

"I will, Sire. I will guard it with my life and my honor," replied the knight.

"Dost thou carry needless burden? Swiftly must you ride in order that all may hear," said the king.

"I bear no burden that is not necessary," replied the young knight. "I have laid them all aside. I shall ride fast and far as the sun breaks over yon hill."

"Then ride on. Carry my message. But stay! Many will say to thee as thou ridest, 'Sir Knight, come here and see.' Maidens will call to thee; gay things will tempt thee; perchance even war may claim thy help. Unto all of these things thou shalt say, 'Stand aside! I ride for my Lord, the King.' "

Again the knight bowed low and promised to obey the command. A touch of his spurs, and the black horse and his rider flew across the drawbridge and down into the valley. He had hoped to have danger to fight. Deep in his heart he was sorry for the task that had been assigned to him. But he was a knight. He was on service for his king, and so he rode swiftly on.

At once, even as the king had said, there came those who asked him to stay. Sometimes the cool of the evening tempted him to rest after the heat of the day. Beautiful maidens were all about who would sing to him; play for him; help him forget his tired body. Sometimes other knights joined him, and as they told him of needs that were all about him, he longed to stay for only one day to perform some deed of valor. But he was a messenger of the king, and he had promised to obey. Once a deed of shame made him very angry, and he wanted time to punish the offender. An old man called to him as he rode and asked to be carried to the next town. Surely he was supposed to perform acts of kindness



for the aged. He stopped his horse and stepped to the ground, but as he did so, he remembered the command,

"Unto all of these things thou shalt say, 'Stand aside! I ride for my Lord, the King.' " So he mounted again and went on his way to meet new, and yet harder, temptations.

Finally his errand had been accomplished and he turned again toward the castle. His horse, which had been so splendid when he started, now looked worn and thin. His armor was dulled from lack of care. His face looked tired and perplexed. He had had to do so many things that he had not wanted to do, and had left undone so many things that he had wanted to do. The choices had been hard to make. The quest had been so commonplace when he started, yet it had proved to be so hard. Why had he been given such a quest when he could so easily have done brave and valiant things for his king?

The old castle drew nearer. He saw the drawbridge was being let down; then someone rode forth to meet him. He heard the sound of trumpets, and his horse lifted his head and hurried forward. Eagerly, the knight waited for the messenger.

And lo! it was the king himself. His face shone with happiness as he said,

"Thou hast met the test, Sir Knight. Thou hast met the test. To obey was thy command. To obey, when pleasure and fame and love call aside, is harder than to fight and suffer and die. He that ruleth himself is mightier than he who taketh a city. See, here is the shield that thou cravest. Take it. Wear it; then all will know that thou hast learned the lesson of obedience. Henceforth thou shalt be called, Sir Edward, the Trusty."

The young knight laid aside his dull, rusty shield, and lifted to his breast the new shield which the servants of the king had in readiness for him. With humble heart, he saw what was engraved across the top of the shield—those words which he had had to say so many times during his long, hard ride throughout the kingdom,

"Stand aside! I ride for my Lord, the King."





## *That New Ten-Dollar Bill*

LOOK, MOTHER. A NEW TEN-DOLLAR BILL, AND ALL OF IT EARNED shoveling snow," cried Grennie, waving a new bill in her mother's face. "Now I'm going in town to get those skates I have wanted so long."

"A bill is easier to lose than a lot of change," said her mother. "Shall I go in town with you?"

"If I'm big enough to earn all that money, I'm big enough to go to Boston alone to spend it," replied Grennie, with a toss of her curly head. "I'll be gone when you return from the store."

"Good-by, then," said her mother. "Watch out for your money. It is easy to lose your purse in a crowded car."

"That money isn't going into my purse," said Grennie. "I might drop it. I'm going to put it away down into my coat pocket, and keep my hand over it. Ten dollars is too much to lose."

She reached into the closet for her coat, and was soon ready for her very first trip alone to a Boston store. She felt very grown-up and very rich as she stepped on the trolley. It was in January, and the snow had piled high on the sides of the streets, making traffic conditions very hard. She found it difficult to stand in the crowded car, hang to the strap, hold her large purse, and still keep a hand over that valuable pocket.

As she rode along, looking at the unshoveled walks and snow-covered cars in driveways, she was planning how she would shovel more, and earn skis next. "Most as good as a boy. Sometimes better," her father had said when she helped him shovel.

The elevated trains were crowded, also, but an old lady moved over to make room for Grennie to sit down. She held a pale, thin,

restless boy on her lap. In her hand she carried a large envelope marked "Hospital Office."

"She's his grandmother, and she is taking him to a hospital," thought Grennie, "She must be dreadfully poor, but she's good to him. Her face looks old and tired, but it looks kind, too."

Grennie watched the two for a time, and then began to study the old lady's clothes. She wore a cotton dress that was much faded. Covering the whole front of the dress was a big, striped apron, the pocket of which was torn on one side. She had a long black coat, and over it a plaid shawl. Another smaller shawl was tied over her head. Her gray hair had been blown by the wind, and strands of it hung down over her ears and over the back of her collar. Her hands were uncovered; they were red and work-hardened.

"I like her, even if she does wear such queer clothes," Grennie decided. "I wonder if I dare take out my bill and look at it."

She reached into her pocket and drew out the paper that was there. As she did so, her whole body became taut, and she drew in her breath so sharply that the old lady turned to look at her. In her hand she held only a paper that she had crumpled at school and put into that pocket. No ten-dollar bill was there. Surely, it must be there somewhere!

Grennie quickly removed her gloves and began to hunt in the right-hand pocket; then in the left-hand pocket; then in her purse. Where could it be? Who could have taken it? Not the sleepy man on her left. Not the old lady with the little boy. Then who? She looked on the floor. She felt on the seat on both sides. She turned the leaves of the book that she had been reading.

"What can I do?" she said to herself. "Perhaps I ought to tell the conductor and have him search folks." But how would he know she had had a ten-dollar bill? If she accused the old lady, folks might think she was just trying to get money from a poor person.

"Maybe someone stole it on the trolley," thought Grennie.

"Dear me. I wish I hadn't thought I was so smart. Mother would know just how to find my money if she were here."

The train was nearing the subway, and it would soon be time for her to get off. She decided to have one more good look through all her belongings. Last of all, she moved aside to look on the seat. As she did so, she noticed that pocket in the apron of the old lady. Stuffed down into it, as if put there in a hurry, was a bill. Where the corner projected above the hem of the pocket, Grennie saw the figure 10.

"Oh, there is my bill in her pocket!" said Grennie to herself. "She doesn't look like someone who would steal. Now how am I going to get it from her? Shall I call out that she has taken my money? Shall I talk to the conductor? While I am gone, she may hide it. Maybe I had better get off when she does, and then tell her she has to give it to me right that minute."

Just then the woman began picking up her bundles ready to leave and Grennie knew that if she let her go, her money would be lost.

"I'll do just what she did herself," thought Grennie. "I'll slip that bill right out of her pocket and into mine again as she gets up." And that is just what Grennie did. After the woman had gone, she smoothed out the new bill and went on to get her skates.

Later in the afternoon a very excited, happy girl rushed into her home, hung her coat in the closet, and turned to the bed to place her hat there. As she did so, she gave a cry and stood staring at the bed. On the pretty counterpane lay a new ten-dollar bill.

"Mother, Mother!" she cried. "Come quickly. I have done a dreadful thing. I have stolen ten dollars from a poor old lady with a sick little boy. I don't know her name. I don't know where she lives. What shall I do? What can I do, Mother?" She threw herself on the bed sobbing, "I have been a thief. Just an ordinary thief. I have stolen from a poor old lady."

It was a very sober, frightened girl who went with her father

to the offices of the Elevated Railway to see if the loss had been reported; to the newspaper offices to insert an advertisement there; to several hospitals to see if the child had been admitted to the clinics.

"We must do everything in our power to find her," said her father, "for the loss of ten dollars may have been tragic for her." But though they tried for weeks, there was no trace of the old lady. It began to look as if Grennie would have to live with the knowledge that she had never been able to return the money she had taken.

Summer came, and Grennie and her mother were returning from church one Sunday. They were talking together in the elevated train. Suddenly Grennie darted down the car, calling to her mother as she ran,

"I see her, Mother. I see her."

At the farther end of the car sat an old lady with a tired, kindly face. Her hair was gray and unkempt. She wore a gingham dress covered with a large apron. Over her head she wore a small shawl. Grennie stopped before her, while all the people in the car watched her curiously.

"I'm so glad to find you," she said. "I have looked everywhere for you. I—I—you—" What could she say with all these people looking on? Should she say, "I stole your money"?

The old lady drew away from Grennie, and her face was full of fear. What did this girl want? What was she saying?

"Didn't you lose some money several months ago," asked Grennie's mother. "We want to return it."

The train was nearing a station, and the old lady rose to leave. She shook her head wildly, saying,

"No know. No know."

"She cannot understand what we say," said Grennie's mother.

"Offer her some money, please Mother," pleaded Grennie. "She must not get away without taking it." Still the old lady shook her head and tried to get past them to the door.

Suddenly Grennie cried, "I know. I know what to do." She

took the bill and put it into the pocket of the apron which the old lady wore. Then smiles spread all over the face of the woman, and she threw her arms about the girl.

"Me find. Me find. Ah!!!!" she cried, as she waved a good-by from the platform.

Grennie and her mother followed at a distance and found where she lived. They found her name from the police, and the neighbors told them that she was caring for the three small children of her daughter, since both the father and mother had died in an accident. She was a widow; poor in money, but wonderfully rich in love and good will.

Since that day Grennie has carried many a basket of food or armful of flowers up the steep stairs to that garret home. She has bought clothes for the children, and added many comforts to the home. The money to buy these things has all been earned by the girl who spent ten dollars belonging to an old lady to buy herself a pair of skates.

*Tim, the Elevator Boy*

YOU COULD SCARCELY FIND A CLEAR PLACE ON TIM'S FRECKLED face. His hair was short and stubby and always looked uncombed. His nose was homely and large. If you had met him on the street, you might perhaps have said that he was an awkward, queer-looking boy.

But Tim had eyes that sparkled. They made you want to know him better. He had a smile that began with a twitch of his lips and then rippled all over his face. And his laugh—why, his laugh was as good as a bowl of sunshine on a dark day.

Tim was an elevator boy in a dye factory, and his car was used by one great wing of the building. Up and down, up and down he carried workers, overseers and visitors all day long, and all loved him because of his cheery disposition and his winning smile. His clothes were shabby, and his knowledge of the English language was very scant. Yet, his "Good morning" was an event in everyone's day.

"My, my!" he called cheerily to Mary Flynn one morning, just before seven o'clock, "ain't you glad to be alive today? Look at that 'er sunshine. Don't it make you want to shine, too? Come in, Mary. Let me put you up where the air is jest great."

"Good morning, Doc," he called to the company doctor. "The top of the morning to you. That 'er posy in your buttonhole makes you look grand. The sick uns 'll like to have you stay by today."

When Mattie Mack came to the elevator door, she had a bunch of flowers in her hand. She was taking them to brighten the little dark room where she worked all day. As she left the elevator she slipped a tiny red rosebud into the hand of the boy.

"Bless yer kind heart," he whispered. "I hain't got any garden, but a posy on me coat jest makes me happy all the day. Thank you kindly. This 'ere rosebud is sure a dandy."

So, one by one, the workers were landed on their respective floors—ready for their day's work, and Tim had time to look at the newspapers left in the elevator. He couldn't read much, but he loved to look at the pictures. It was the day of a big train wreck. Tim was busy with the paper when there was a tremendous noise in the yard and then another and another. Dirt flew into the air, and bricks and wood began flying in all directions. The building trembled like a leaf, and Tim cowered in one corner of the car. An explosion! He was afraid to stir, to look out of the door.

What a sight met his eyes when he finally went outside! One great building in the yard was in ruins; another was in flames, and a part of the wing was gone in his own building. People ran



past, their faces white; many had broken arms. A large tank of acid had exploded, they told him. He should run home as fast as ever he could go.

Like a flash there came the realization that all that lay between the workers on the two top floors and death was himself and his car. The exits were gone.

"May the good Lord help me!" he cried as he shut the door of the car and started up the swaying shaft. On every landing were screaming women. Could he ever get them down? Would they listen to him and not crowd into the car? If they pushed and struggled, all would be lost. Quickly he thought of a plan. Before he reached the top floor he called, cheerily,

"Here I come! Ain't it great ter be in the building that's all right? Now if you won't push, and if only fifteen 'll come in at once, I'll get you all down safe. If ye push, I'll never come back fer anybody. Now I'll see what ye'll do. Only fifteen, remember! Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Full up! Now, Aunt Becky, stay right there. Watch fer my red rose."

The shaft swayed and shook as, very slowly, he took the car down, but he called, cheerily, from the foot of the shaft,

"I'm comin'! I'm comin'! tho' my car is runnin' slow."

The people watched him, breathlessly, as he tried to save them. Up and down he went. A great crash told him that more of the building had collapsed, and the heat that came up through the elevator well was intense. But, over and over, he thought to himself,

"Do yer best, Tim. Some of them folks has little uns at home. You must git them all down."

The little red rose seemed to be helping him, for it was bright and cheery every time he looked at it. As he emptied one floor and another, the face of the elevator boy became white and drawn. Suddenly, there was a scream of terror. Flames were shooting up through the shaft, and one more trip must be made. Women at the foot, waiting for their family, wept as they heard Tim say, weakly,



"I guess she'll hold fer another trip. I promised ter come back fer them. There's only five more up there now, and Mattie Mack is one of 'em. She always good ter me. Sure I'm goin' up."

Oh, how slowly the car went! How ugly the flames looked as they licked the sides. The watchers below heard the door open, and a fervent "Thank God" that came from one of the women. Then Tim's voice rang out above the din and confusion,

"Now, here we go down! Ain't ye glad ter be alive? You can tell how ye went through a fire and wasn't burned. Ain't that fire pretty? Nice match fer my red rosebud, folks. Sure, the shaft's going ter hold. Why, here we are so soon! Now out with ye, and Mattie, thanks fer my rosebud. It sure helped."

A few moments later everyone was eagerly looking for the elevator boy, and the story of his courage and help was on every tongue. He wasn't in the uninjured building with the rest. He wasn't in the yard. Where could he be?

Sitting on the steps of an old house in a back alley was a boy with a blackened face, and hands that were sore and reddened. He was stroking the fur of an old yellow cat, and saying,

"Ain't much burned, Tom! It sure was great ter git 'em all down. I didn't want no thanks, Tom, so I'll just sit here with you till they all go home."

And the old yellow cat seemed to understand.



## *The Streak of Red*

**B**EFORE THE TEPEE OF LONG FOOT, THE INDIAN BRAVE, SAT DEEP River, his squaw, weaving a blanket. Her face was brown and wrinkled, but it was full of strength and purpose and spiritual beauty. Long Foot and Deep River had both been Christians for many years, and they had tried to be loyal to their faith. For nearly thirty years Deep River had woven blankets—beautiful ones that people came from far to see and to buy. She was known all over the countryside, not only for her ability to weave, but also for the intricacy of the designs which she wove into her blankets. She had made many of differing shapes and sizes, but the one before her was the finest of them all.

On a stool beside her sat Lena Beartracks, her granddaughter, a tall, intelligent girl of fifteen, and a favorite in the tribe. Once Deep River had had four granddaughters, but a prairie fire had taken the other three, and had left her the tiny baby to love and to tend. It was the old squaw who had dipped her into the icy spring that she might be strong; who had hunted far and wide for the rare herb that she might put a bit of it into the baby's mouth to give her a chance to be wise. She had taught the child to weave and to make rare baskets, to cook and to sew, to read and to play. She loved the child better than life itself.

During the last weeks Lena Beartracks had often sat on the stool by her grandmother's side, for every line and color used in the blanket was to be a sign or symbol of something in the life of the tribe or of the grandmother or of the girl. The yellow in the center ran about like the prairie fire; the blue on the edges told stories of the long walks they had taken together. The cross on each side of the rug represented their Christian faith. As they

sat together the grandmother had told stories of the events that were symbolized in the pattern.

In the corner of the blanket, which was now nearly completed, there was a streak of red, red wool. It was very beautiful, and the girl liked to look at it.

"When the blanket is finished and I give it to you, I will tell you what the streak of red means," the old squaw had said. "Just now it must be a secret here," and she had pointed to her heart.

On that bright summer's day the old grandmother made her hands fly as she wove in the last strands of the border of the blanket. Word had come that the missionary was on his way back to the school for Indian girls, many miles away. When he reached their village, Lena Beartracks was to go with him to that school. She had finished the school on the Reservation, and, because of her ability to learn and to lead, she was to be given more training by the government. As they sat together, the old squaw was silent and thoughtful; the girl was dreaming beautiful dreams of the new life that lay just ahead. Usually the old woman hummed a tune as she wove; now she sighed, and looked troubled.

What would become of the girl when she was alone and so far away? It wasn't right to expect one so young to know how to live alone. Why did she need to go when the old squaw wanted to be near to guide her? She watched the girl longingly as she finally rose from the stool and hurried down the little street to put more things into the wooden box that was to go with her to the new school. Yes, Deep River loved the girl better than life itself.

Just as the sun went down the old squaw reached for her knife and cut the blanket from its frame; then she sat down in the twilight and ran her fingers over one and another of the figures which she had woven into it. She had done her very best work, hoping that the blanket would be a treasure for Lena to cherish as long as she lived. Would it remind her often of the love of her

grandmother when she was no longer living in the tepee near the spring? Finally her hand rested on the streak of red.

"She must," cried the old squaw as she rose to her feet. "She must, no matter how hard it is. I must help her before she goes. I will ask our God to show me the way." So, there by the tepee, she knelt on the new blanket and asked for wisdom and courage from on high.

The next day Lena Beartracks, in her new dress and hat, stood before the door of the tepee ready to say good-by. Her face shone with happiness as she waited for the old grandmother to come out. It was wonderful to have the chance to go to the mission school where she could learn to help her race. Looking up, she saw her grandmother with the new blanket on her arm.

"Sit here," said Deep River slowly, pointing to the bench where they had so often talked together. "Tell me, little one, what this means—and this—and this," and she pointed to different figures in the blanket. The young girl laughed merrily as her grandmother tried to find some symbol, the meaning of which she did not know.

"Oh! the beautiful streak of red," cried Lena Beartracks. "Now that the blanket is to go to school with me to use on my very own bed, you must tell me what the streak of red means. I have waited long to know. Tell me quickly, grandmother."

"I will show you what it means," answered the squaw. Taking the sharp knife from the stool, she quickly cut a deep gash in her arm, and the red blood ran in a little stream down the brown, bony arm to the hand. Lena Beartracks started forward to help her, but her grandmother pushed her aside.

"See," she said, putting her arm close to the red streak in the blanket, "this red is for blood. All the years of my life there have been hard things—hunger, thirst, fire, pain, anger, death, jealousy, hate—to try to make me forget that I belong to a tribe of strong men and women. Even to the shedding of blood, our tribe has always stood for the right. Like this, I, too, have tried to

stand," and the old squaw sprang quickly to her feet, winding a cloth about her arm as she did so. She threw her head back, put her right foot more firmly on the ground with a little stamp, and wrapped the new blanket about her, Indian fashion. She threw the corner over her shoulder in such a way that the red streak ran from her head to her heart. She was a picture of strength and of courage as she stood there, and the girl loved her dearly. Looking into the face of the girl, the old lady said,

"I have stood, granddaughter, unafraid. Though I should have to lose my life by the shedding of blood, I shall still stand for God, and for what I think is right."

Suddenly the broad shoulders drooped and a tear trickled down the wrinkled old face. She had heard the sound of wheels. Lena Beartracks was going away. Taking the blanket from her own shoulders, she wound it tenderly about the girl whom she loved so dearly, throwing the blanket over her shoulder in such a way that, again, the streak of red ran from head to heart. Turning the face of the girl up to hers, she said, almost fiercely,

"You are a part of me—of my tribe—of my race. You, too, must stand. You must never be a coward; never run because a thing is hard. Show me how you will stand when I am not there to help you."

Just as the grandmother had done, the girl threw back her pretty head, straightened her shoulders, stamped her right foot on the ground, and, looking her grandmother squarely in the face, said,

"I will try to stand when things are hard, just as I have seen you stand," and she pointed with her finger to the streak of red.

"No!" cried the grandmother. "Do not say, 'I will try to stand!' Say, 'I WILL STAND!' I cannot let you go away unless I know that you will be brave and true. My blanket, with its streak of red, will help you, child."

The girl's face grew suddenly very sober. She saw clearly now what a great step she was to take when she left the tepee of the one who loved her so well, and who had helped her so much.

She was going away alone. Alone! Her hand gripped the beautiful blanket as she said, very slowly,

"Grandmother, God helping me, I WILL STAND."

For a moment the old squaw held her very close. It seemed the hardest thing she had ever done to let her only grandchild go out into the world alone. She took the blanket from Lena's shoulders, wrapped it carefully, and handed it to the girl.

"You are the light of my eyes—the sun of my life, child," she said. "Good-by. May God go with you and help you to stand."

Deep River went wearily into her tepee, and the girl climbed into the wagon where the missionary was waiting to take her to school. With her gray head bent to the floor, the old grandmother prayed with all her soul that the seed which she had planted might grow.

Lena Beartracks never saw her grandmother again. Her blanket, though used for many years, still shows the skill and care of the one who made it. Some of the colors have faded, but the important red streak has stayed bright and beautiful. Lena has had many hard things in her life, but her home has been one where there have been high ideals and right living. Poverty, sickness, temptation, injustice, greed—even death—have all beaten at her door. But Lena Beartracks has stood, like her grandmother, unafraid. She was a strong student. She has been a good wife, a great mother, a real Christian. When the way has been difficult, she has knelt by her bed, her hand on the streak of red, and has asked help of her grandmother's God. And He has not failed her.





## *Matthew, the Negro Boy Who Won Everlasting Fame*

**I**N A GLASS BOTTLE, SUNK DEEP IN A GREAT ICE CAIRN AT THE North Pole, the farthestmost northern goal of earth, there is a famous piece of paper and a diagonal strip of an American flag. On the paper these words are written:

I arrived here today, April 6, 1909. I have with me five men—Matthew Henson, colored; Ootah, Egingwah, Seegloo and Ookweh, Eskimos; 5 sledges and 38 dogs. My ship, the *Roosevelt*, is in winter quarters at C. Sheridan, 90 miles east of C. Columbia. I start back for C. Columbia tomorrow.

ROBERT E. PEARY—*U. S. Navy*

There were trained men in that party who were searching for the North Pole. All were eager to be the one chosen to go when the last dash for the Pole was to be made. Who was this Negro that accompanied the famous adventurer? Why was he the one to be chosen?

When Matthew Henson was a small boy, his home was near the Potomac River. He used to sit for hours watching the boats, large and small, go sailing up and down the Potomac. He wondered how it would seem to sail on and on in a great ship. He wondered if there was any chance that he might become an officer on such a ship. He was a Negro, and he knew how little chance a Negro had in the part of the country where he lived. Day after day he thought about it and finally made up his mind that he would live on a ship some day, no matter what he had to do on that ship. As the months went by, home and school and friends all seemed less important to this Negro boy than riding on

one of the ships that sailed the Potomac, so he applied for a job as cabin boy. Hours were long and work was hard, but opportunities came his way, largely because he was willing and dependable. In the next few years he traveled to Africa, China and Russia, all thrilling sea trips to the boy.

Since he loved ships, his heroes were officers of ships. One day in Washington he met a young civil engineer in the U. S. Navy, Robert E. Peary. That was in 1887. Peary liked the Negro lad, and invited him to join his crew in a trip to Nicaragua. Matthew eagerly accepted. From that day until the day when he reached the North Pole with Peary, he followed Peary wherever he was asked to go. They went together into places of untold hardship, often risking their lives for the accomplishment of Peary's life-long dream of finding the North Pole.

Peary made eight attempts to reach the Pole. Seven attempts were failures. On each expedition but one, Matthew Henson was right beside him. On the longest sledge trips, he drove one of the dog teams. He lived with Peary for months at a time in the Arctic regions, learning the Eskimo language and customs. They taught him to make excellent sledges, to build igloos and ice shelters. He could prepare all kinds of Arctic food, hunt all kinds of Arctic animals. In his book, *The North Pole*, Peary wrote that Matthew Henson became the best dog-team driver in the world, outside of the Eskimo experts.

On July 8, 1908, Peary had his eighth expedition ready to sail on his ship, the *Roosevelt*. The ship was named for his good friend, President Theodore Roosevelt. Their first goal was to be Camp Sheridan, 413 miles from the Pole. Peary had carefully picked 22 men for his crew. As he went along, he added 47 Eskimo men, women and children. When he reached Camp Sheridan, he had also 246 dogs on board.

On their way north, the Eskimo men made and repaired sledges. The women worked on fur garments and dog harness. Matthew was the only Negro in the party; he was one of the busiest men, and indispensable. He taught the new men of the crew to under-

stand the jibberish of the Eskimos, and to appreciate their personality traits. Food had to be found for both men and dogs after the ship entered the ice fields, so Matt, as he was called, showed his companions how to organize and care for sledge trips; what to do when one of the party fell into one of the leads of water which were constantly being formed about them; how to make a bridge of ice cakes and to get men and dogs across in safety. There were countless things that the men had to learn. Matt was usually the teacher, for he had already made six trips into the Arctic.

After a dreadful trip through waters where great ice cakes threatened continually to crush their ship, the *Roosevelt* came at last to Camp Sheridan. Here they were forced to wait for weeks in darkness until the sun shone again. Their ship was soon fast in the ice. All provisions were moved to the shore, and everything was made ready for the over-ice trip to the Pole as soon as light came.

On February 22, 1909, all was ready. Some men were to be left on the ship to guard things there, and to be ready to help any who had to be sent back. Others were to make short trips and then return, after having left supplies and tools in igloos. These would be needed when the final party returned, after reaching the Pole.

From the beginning, all the men knew that only one American, probably, would be chosen at the very end to go with Peary. Each man hoped to be the one chosen. As their dangerous trip began, some men froze their feet and had to return with broken-down sledges or feeble dogs. The ice fields were often very rough, and the road had to be made with pickaxes. Sometimes the ice was so thin that the men were forced to crawl on their hands and knees to get across. Sometimes the dogs fell into the water, dragging the sledges after them; then the men had to jump in quickly to save the contents of the sledges. Only the barest necessities had been taken from the ship. All might die if one sledge were lost.

One by one the men were sent back to the ship, and finally only

four Eskimos, Matthew Henson, thirty-eight dogs and five sledges were left. These were all picked as the very best men, dogs and sledges. They were still 133 nautical miles from the Pole. By making forced marches, sleeping little, eating only two meals a day, they MIGHT reach the Pole in five days. Peary decided to try.

Peary describes the hardships of those five days in his book on their famous trip. They were terrible, but Peary knew his men. "They were as loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers on my right hand," he declared later.

On the fourth day, Peary took from beneath his coat a much-worn silk American flag. It had been given him fifteen years before by Mrs. Peary, and he had left a piece of it at each "fartherest north point" where he had been forced to turn back on his earlier trips. Fixing it on a stick, Peary fastened it over his igloo, remarking to Matt, "Tomorrow this flag will fly over the North Pole. Now it flies over the most northerly camp in the world."

Peary was right. The next day, April 7, 1909, six weeks after leaving their ship, the measurements showed that Peary had reached his goal for twenty-two years—the North Pole. They built a great ice cairn. On top of it they placed that silk flag and then four other flags. One of them was the flag of the Red Cross.

"Let's cheer the flag," said Peary to Matt. The Eskimo men also saluted, as they had been taught to do, and all gave three rousing cheers for the American flag. Peary shook hands with each of the men, and thanked them for their courage and loyalty. Then he placed the bottle, containing the information which he needed to leave at the Pole, deep down in the ice cairn—to stay for centuries, perhaps. If ever another man reaches the spot, an airplane, and not a dog team, will probably take him there.

When their snow houses were ready, the men all tried to sleep; but in only thirty hours they were again turning from the Pole to begin that long, hard journey of 213 miles to reach the ship, sail it through the ice fields, and then on to their various homes. As the Eskimos were dropped in the towns along the

way, they were made rich men in the eyes of their home folks, for they were given tools, sledges, knives and guns. The four men who went to the Pole were loaded with presents for themselves and their womenfolks.

Matthew Henson was in his late teens when he first met Robert E. Peary in Washington. He was past forty when he reached that city after returning from the north. Many honors were awaiting all of the men. Peary continually praised all of his companions, telling of their bravery and endurance; of how they had all hoped to be the one to go with him at the end. Speaking of Matthew Henson, he said,

I made the choice of Henson primarily because of his adaptability and fitness for the work, and also on account of his loyalty. He has shared all the physical hardships of my Arctic work. I congratulate the negro race on having such a member as Matthew Henson. He has driven home to the world the adaptability and fiber of which you are made. His is the earned reward of tried loyalty, persistence and endurance. His should be an everlasting example to your young men that those qualities will win whatever object they are directed toward.

Commander Donald MacMillan, a member of the party, said in a radio broadcast later,

The rest of us were tenderfeet compared with Matthew Henson. He could talk the Eskimo language like a native. He could get along better with the Eskimos than any of the rest of us; the Eskimos all liked him. He was the only man in the party who could build a snow house. He made every sledge and every cook stove used on the final drive to the Pole. Henson was altogether the most efficient man with Peary.

Now, at eighty-two years of age, honors are still coming to him, for in March, 1948, he was given the gold medal of the Geographic Society of Chicago. His picture was shown in the newspapers all over the United States, with the caption, "The Negro Who Was Chosen to Accompany Peary to the North Pole."

So the Negro boy, who watched the ships sailing along the Potomac, left his name at the North Pole. In the history of the



United States his name will always be linked with the name of one of the world's greatest explorers and discoverers—Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary. The Negro boy's dream came true.

*Unlucky Friday*

JOHN! JOHN! WHERE ARE YOU, SONNY?" CALLED HIS MOTHER. "I'm ready to take the tacks out of the stair carpet."

John sat in a sheltered corner of the veranda, his old hat pulled far down over his eyes. He looked around when he heard his mother call, but he didn't rise.

"I'm not going to pull those old tacks," he muttered. "If I can't go to Grammy's, I'm not going to work here at home."

"John, please hurry! It is going to be hot today, and I want to get my cleaning done," called his mother.

"Wonder if she is coming after me," thought the boy. Peeking around the corner of a big chair near him, he saw a boy coming down the street whistling a merry tune.

"There's Jim Meade," John said with a frown. "If he comes in here, I'll throw him out of the yard. I'd just like to have a good fight with somebody."

"John!" called his mother for the third time, and John knew it was high time to obey.

"Aw, gracious," he growled, "'spose I've got to do it." With his foot, he pushed Nancy, his dog, angrily away, a thing he never did when he was happy inside. Nancy looked up at him very much surprised, for she had thought they were just ready for a romp. Then she sat down near the porch rail to wait for her



master to be kind. Scattering bits of paper as he went, the boy walked sulkily into the house.

"Clean a carpet when I might be riding to Grammy's," he scolded. "That's more of my bad luck on Fridays. Last week I lost my fish pole. The week before I fell out of the tree. Mother asked Dad not to take me 'cause she wanted me to help clean house. A boy never gets time to do anything but work. Somebody always wants something done."

John's mother was troubled over his stubborn look. She handed him the tack puller, and he went to work in silence. Soon she began to hum a little tune. "Why should she hum when Grammy is sick?" thought John. He didn't feel like singing. Maybe she didn't love Grammy as he did. When the telephone rang, he put down the tack puller and listened. Maybe it was his father calling from Grammy's.

"Yes, Grammy is very, very ill," he heard his mother say. "I don't know what we should ever do if she should die. We love her better every year. Daddy has gone there this morning, but there is little hope that she can live through the day."

John sat down hard on the step, his right hand full of the big tacks he had been pulling from the carpet. "If she should die!" He had never thought that Grammy might die. Why, then he wouldn't have any more long weeks at the farm in the summer-time, playing on the hay, hunting eggs, fishing in the creek or picking berries on the hillside. Suppose there were no Grammy to mend his clothes or to keep the cooky jar full. If Grammy was as sick as that, he just must go to see her. She would need some boy to feed the hens and to drive the cow to pasture.

"I can run errands if I am there," he said as he slipped out of the back door when his mother's back was turned. "If they don't need me to work, I can just sit by the bed and let Grammy know I am there. Grammy would want me to be there, just as I would want her to be there by me if I were sick." With his hand still full of tacks, he ran across the lawn to the road.

Cars were flying by in both directions. He would just get a ride in one of them, and then he would telephone his mother from Grammy's. Making his way across the flower garden, completely out of sight of the house, he waited at a crossroad. The first man stopped when he held out his hand, but since he was turning off the road very soon, John thanked him and waited for the next car. The second man glared at him and called, "Hey, kid, you'll get arrested if a motor cop finds you there in the road. Can't you see that you're holding up traffic in a bad place?"

John walked down the road for a few minutes and then held out his hand for a second time. A lady smiled sweetly at him but went right on by, leaving him in a cloud of dust. One man stopped to ask him the way to Albany, but refused to let him ride, saying that he never picked up boys who were begging. That angered John. He was no beggar. He just wanted to get to Grammy's. Near him was a big post. In his anger, he struck at the post with all his might. As he did so, the tacks that were in his hand flew far and wide.

Tacks! Big stair tacks! John gasped in dismay when he saw what he had done. If he went into the road to find them, he would be in danger of being hit. If he didn't pick them up, there would soon be trouble with tires. Quickly gathering all that were near his feet, he went back to the house and pretended that he was asleep in the hammock.

Several cars went by; then bz-z-z, and a tire was flat. John watched the man fixing it. But he didn't offer to help, as he usually did. When a second man had a puncture, the two men came together in front of the house to talk it over, and John listened while they told what they thought of a person who would scatter tacks along a busy highway. About that time, John slid quietly into the house. They might ask questions if they came to the veranda. It was nearing dinnertime, and John had already decided to try to get a ride again, if no more tires were punctured.

But just as he had finished eating, Dr. Gray stood at the foot of the veranda steps, looking very much worried.

"John," he said, "do you suppose your father has a spare tire anywhere about the garage? I had a puncture a little way back, so I put on my spare. I drove a few rods, and now I have another. Your father telephoned me to get to your grandmother's just as fast as ever I could, for she is much worse. If I wait to mend both tires, I may be too late."

They were hurrying to the garage as he talked. Dr. Gray had helped John through two long illnesses, and the boy loved him. Now his tacks had spoiled two tires for the doctor. Maybe they had made it impossible for him to save Grammy's life. He looked frantically about the garage, the shed and the barn. He even looked in the cellar and the attic of the house. Then, at the suggestion of his mother, he ran to a neighbor's to ask her to drive the doctor to the farm, twenty miles away.

"Jump in and go for a ride this hot day," suggested the doctor. "We may need the help of a boy." But, somehow, John didn't want to go to Grammy's now. He watched the car go out of sight, and then sat down on the grass to think. What a mean boy he had been! He had fussed at his father first. He had left the carpet for his mother to finish. He had scattered little papers on the veranda and lawn. Worst of all, he had spilled the tacks because he was so angry at the man who wouldn't give him a ride. Did the doctor suspect anything when his mother had told him that John was helping to take up the carpet? He certainly hoped not.

He went into the road and hunted for tacks, finding only one. He gave the carpet a hard beating, which somehow made him feel better. He gave Nancy a bone to make up for the push he had given her.

It was after four o'clock when the doctor came back. John listened eagerly as he told of the hard fight they had had to save the grandmother's life.

"If I had been a half hour later, I couldn't have saved her,"

he said, solemnly, and John felt sure the doctor looked right at him as he said it. "It's lucky your neighbor was at home to drive me over. Such an unlucky day with my tires!"

When the doctor came out of the house later in the afternoon and looked to see if the mechanic had repaired his tires, he heard a queer noise coming from the back of his car. There was John, all curled up on the floor. His face was red and streaked.

"I nearly killed her!" he cried. "I hate myself, Doctor. Suppose Grammy had died! I hate myself."

Old Dr. Gray was a wise man. He knew something must have gone very wrong with this boy who was usually so sunny and helpful. He stepped into the car and drove in silence to a small pond where he and John often fished. After awhile the boy crept out of the back seat and snuggled close to his older friend; then, little by little, he told the whole story, not sparing himself at all. He watched the face of the doctor to see what he might be thinking of such meanness.

"I'm awfully sorry, Doctor," said John. "I bothered you, and I was mean to all the folks I love best—father and mother and Grammy and Nancy. Here's a dollar I had saved for camp. Please let me pay for mending the tires. I'd like to pay for the others, too, but I don't know who the men were. I'm sorry. Honest, I am."

The doctor let the boy get all talked out; then he put his big strong arms about him and drew him very close.

"You didn't mean to do unkind things, John," he said. "The trouble really began when you let yourself get cross at your father. He knew best about taking you where an old lady was very sick. You should have trusted him, not felt angry. Getting angry almost always gets a boy into trouble, John. I don't want your money. Suppose I take it and buy some fruit for you to take to your grandmother when I go back tonight. She'll be glad to feel your hand slipped into hers, I know, for she loves you better than anyone else in the world, I think. Father and Mother are tired and worried. Just don't bother them about what has hap-

pened today. Tell God that you are sorry and will try harder to do right, and things will be all fixed up again. If I were you I would go into the house and smile. I'd help in any way I could."

John's eyes were shining, and he held the hand of his understanding friend very tight. The doctor wasn't angry; he wasn't ashamed of him. The doctor understood.

As they reached the gate, John's mother was watching from the window; Nancy was watching near the gate. John held out his hand.

"Good-by," he said. "Someday I'm going to be like you. See if I'm not. Maybe this was a LUCKY Friday after all."

"Any boy is lucky who early learns the hard lesson you have learned today," replied the doctor. "Keep smiling," he called as he drove away. "It pays big dividends; it prevents big troubles."



### *Jane, the Dreamer*

THE LITTLE SCHOOLROOM, FAR BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS OF Kentucky, was crowded with men, women and children. All were listening eagerly to the man who had come from the school in the valley to tell the hillfolk about the wonderful things that school was doing for boys and girls like their own. He told them how they taught the boys to work in wood and iron, to cultivate the fields, and to care for cattle; how they taught the girls to sew and weave and cook and care for little children. He described the lessons that were learned in the classroom and in the dormitories. Then he said,

"I should like to take one of your boys and girls back with me



to that school. Perhaps that boy or girl might come back to teach in this very schoolroom."

Down near the front of the room sat a girl of fifteen named Jane. Her straight black hair had been cut with the aid of a bowl. Her blue calico dress was long, so that it might not be outgrown too soon. The sleeves were short, to make dishwashing in her log-cabin home much easier to do. Ten children in that home looked to this young girl for help and sympathy, and the whole neighborhood knew and loved her. While the stranger was speaking, Jane had hardly taken her eyes from his face, and when he said that he wanted to take a girl to study in the school, her face shone with a wonderful light. To study to be a teacher like her grandmother who lived in the north—that would be the height of her ambition.

The meeting had barely closed when she hurried to the front of the room, grasped the hand of the man, and said, eagerly,

"Sir, if mother will only let me, I should like to go to that school"; and the man, who had seen her intense face and her eager response, said to Jane,

"I surely want you to go. We will ask your mother today."

Now Jane lived in a run-down, makeshift cabin two miles up the valley. Her home was like most of the others along that mountain brook. Many children, little money, few comforts and many hardships were common to all. Her father was lazy and shiftless. Her mother had long since ceased to care what happened. Life was not very beautiful in Jane's home. Jane was like neither of her parents. She was like her grandmother, whose picture she adored, but whose face she had never seen, for Jane's mother had run away from home and had married the mountain-neer in a fit of anger many years before. Jane loved school, but had little time to go. She loved to read. She had few books. She was mentally hungry all the time.

Soon Jane and the man started for the cabin, talking as they walked, but Jane's courage ebbed with each turn of the road. "She won't let me go," she kept saying to herself. "She will say



that she has to have me here to take care of the children. It isn't any use to ask."

The teacher, however, wasn't so easily discouraged. He knocked boldly on the rough door of the cabin, and when the mother appeared, her arms covered with suds, he made known his errand.

"Go to school?" repeated Jane's mother scornfully. "Jane's days for going to school are all over. She's most ready to git married. It ain't no use to ask. She can't go."

"Ten dollars," repeated the father, when told how much it would cost, if Northern churches helped with a scholarship. "Why, we don't have ten dollars in a whole year. If we had it, I know what I'd do with it. I'd buy a hog. I wouldn't put it into Jane's head. She can't go."

Jane stood by the door, the picture of despair. She had dreamed such a beautiful dream in those few moments in the classroom; now the old house and the unkempt room seemed worse than ever. What could she do?

Seeing that argument was useless, the visitor left, telling Jane that he would see her again soon; that he was sure that he would see her at the school some day. Perhaps his horse had traveled a mile when the man saw a girl dressed in blue calico coming on a run across the pasture on the hillside. Thinking she had persuaded her parents to change their minds, he waited for her to come to the road.

For a moment Jane stood there, too out of breath to speak. Then, looking down the road over which the man was to go, she said, intensely,

"Sir, if I can't go to school, if I have to stay here all my life as the rest of the girls do, isn't there anything worth while I can be? I want to be somebody, even if I can't be a teacher like Grandmother. Won't you tell me what you think I might do?"

What could he say? He hesitated to answer her. He knew just how hungry she was for something to make her life worth while. He looked at her thoughtfully for a time and then replied,

"Jane, I know of something that is much greater than being a doctor or a minister or a teacher. It is the greatest thing in the world to be. It counts for most in your country. I have known people living just as you have to live who have attained that goal."

"What is it?" asked the girl, looking steadily into his face. "I should like to try something like that."

"To be a wise and good mother is the greatest work in the world, Jane," he replied. "A noble son or daughter is almost always the result of having such a mother. I am sure that you could be such a mother if you tried."

With her big brown eyes full of desire and eagerness, she uttered just one word—"How?" On that one word and its answer hung all her future hopes and plans.

"Not all great mothers have had a chance to go to school," he said. "You may never have that chance. Love God supremely. Keep your body strong and well. Keep your mind clean and growing. Seek to be the very best girl you know how to be. Use every means that you can find to grow, and God will open doors of opportunity for you, I am sure. If you are fine enough inside, the outside doesn't matter much. Good-by, Jane. I shall look for you to come to study with us some day. Keep your courage, and dream great dreams."

When he looked back at the turn in the road, Jane was leaning against a great rock by the side of the road, looking away off into the distance. Already she was dreaming dreams.

The next day when Jane washed the baby she was thinking, happily, "Someday when I have a dear, little baby of my own I shall want to know how to do it correctly, and this is good practice." When she gathered the many children around her at bedtime to tell them stories, she said to herself,

"If I tell stories to the children now, I shall have many to tell to my own boys and girls someday."

Things were often very hard in her home, but she would make them easier by thinking,

"Things aren't always going to be just as I like them, even in my own home. I must learn to be patient and kind and understanding. I must try to find a way to make things better. I will ask God to help me." And as the days went by, Jane grew to be more like her ideal—her grandmother.

At the end of two years the visitor from the school made a special trip to Teale Valley to see what was happening to Jane. She was almost a woman in body now. One look into her face told him what he wanted to know. She had taken his advice. She had grown in mind and spirit. In the corner of the room was a very beautiful rug which she had been making.

"Jane has been making that rug," said her mother. "She gets her colors from roots and leaves and berries and flowers. Jane likes to weave."

"Will you sell your rug?" asked the man. "If you sell it to me, it will pay your tuition at the school. If you will come to help me with our weaving, there will be no cost at all for your tuition. You do beautiful work, Jane."

There was a deep frown on the face of her mother as Jane hesitated to answer, but the girl ran from the room with eyes that sparkled. She came back with her father, and when the man left, Jane went with him.

At first things seemed very strange, and some laughed at the girl from the hill country. Her homemade dress was far from stylish, and she knew little about the customs of the school. Soon, however, both students and teachers loved her and honored her. She was keen of mind, and eager to get ahead. She was kind and loving to all who needed her. For two years Jane felt as if she were living in a new world. Then there came word that there was sickness in the home, and she must return at once.

Oh, the lonely days that followed! She missed the comradeship, the inspiration and the freedom of the school, but she knew that her duty was to the home, so she stayed there, uncomplainingly. It would have been easier if the spirit of love had been in her home. They were constantly quarreling, and Jane, wishing to

get away from the unhappy atmosphere, used to steal away to the hilltop to study the books sent her regularly from the school. This made some of the children in the home feel that she was "stuckup"; thought herself better than they. It was hard for Jane to believe in dreams there.

One day a boy who had been a neighbor for many years came to the home to call. He had built a new cabin and wanted a wife to make a home for him. He came to ask Jane to marry him. When she knew what he wanted, she said to him, quietly, lest the family should know his errand,

"I can't answer you here and now, Zeke. Meet me tonight at the big projecting rock where you often see me sitting. I will be there at sunset."

When the color began to flood the western sky, Zeke was there. He watched the girl as she easily climbed the steep path.

"Hain't no other girl hereabouts like Jane," said Zeke. "I hope she'll have me."

They watched the beautiful sunset for a time; then Jane said, "I don't want to hurt you, Zeke, but I must tell you things just as they are. I have one big dream in my life—I want to be a great mother. I want to give my children a chance to be great. Now Zeke, those children must have a great father, too. You lie sometimes. I have heard you do it. I couldn't ask my children to have a liar for a father. You aren't always honest in your dealings here in the neighborhood. I don't want my children to be ashamed of their father. You don't care about God. I am going to have a really Christian home, Zeke. My children's father must help me train them to be Christian men and women. Some mothers have to do it alone. I don't intend to do it that way. I want to be loved, Zeke. I miss the love of my friends at the school, and perhaps I can never go back. But I can't marry you, though I think, perhaps, you love me truly and would be good to me. You would do for me, but you won't do for the father of my children. Forgive me if I have hurt you. I just want you to understand."

Zeke said never a word. He knew that what she had said was true, so there was nothing to say. He took the hand that she held out to him as she rose, and then watched her go down the trail, alone, in the twilight.

Home was harder than ever after that, for both parents thought that she should have married their good neighbor. So when a second opportunity came she went back to school, first as a student, and then as a teacher.

When she was twenty-four, one of the best of the teachers there asked her to marry him. Her old question was still there in her mind, "Would he do for the father of my children?" She counseled with the head of the school; she even made a trip to a distant state in order to make sure of the health and mentality of his family. In the fall, they were married in the school chapel with all their pupils present to wish them happiness. They made their home on the campus so that he might continue to teach in the school. Three children were born to them—two boys and a girl.

Take a long jump thirty-five years ahead when those children were grown, and both parents were long since dead.

One son had become a surgeon, specializing in straightening the legs of little children. Sometimes a dozen children would be watching from their hospital beds for Uncle Jack, their wonderful friend. Poor and rich he treated alike. Charity cases were as common as those that could pay. He was known in his city as the Crippled Children's Big Brother.

The second son went to the mission field after leaving college. When a plague came in that strange land, he offered to be the one to live in the stricken village. Night and day he cared for the sick and buried the dead, never thinking of himself. When it was over, he sickened and died. In that land there is a great white shaft bearing his name and this epitaph, "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for the Chinese coolies." It was erected by those poor, ignorant men and women whose lives he had saved.

Jane, the daughter, became a teacher like her mother and grand-



mother. The children loved her and she loved them. She had dreams of making a name for herself in the teaching profession. One day there was a fire in the building where she was at work. After she had led all her children to safety in the yard, she was told that a little foreign boy had left the line in the lower hall. Running back into the burning building, she found the boy and carried him to the door. Just as she was leaving the building a great beam fell, knocking her into the hot debris.

For a long time it seemed as though she must surely die. She fought hard, and she won, but only to come back home to lie in bed for the rest of her life. Her mind was as keen as ever, and she had the use of her hands and arms. The rest of her body was drawn, twisted, useless. She was almost never free from pain.

But still she was the same cheery Jane, growing more and more like her mother—the hilltop Jane. By the side of her bed she had a great filing case into which she slipped anything that might be of comfort to a sufferer. Each year she wrote hundreds of letters. Sometimes they were addressed to sick people; to sorrowing friends; to those who had been sent to prison for wrongdoing. A missionary might find one of her poems in her stateroom on the ship. A girl who had been appointed to a responsible position might receive a letter to help her to hold her ideals. Every day she watched the papers to see who needed her help.

She never said that she was an invalid. The letters and cards weren't even signed. They went out, day by day, to help those who might need a friend. Those who knew her in her Brooklyn home called her "The Sunshine Maker."

One day a friend stood by her bed and saw the lines of pain in her face, for arthritis was steadily increasing in her arms and hands.

"Jane," she said impulsively, "You are a wonder. How do you keep so brave and cheerful?"

For answer, Jane reached under her pillow and brought out an old picture. She looked at it tenderly for a moment, pressed it against her face, and then handed it to her visitor.

"That's Mother," she said. "You never knew her, so you



wouldn't understand. She was the best mother that ever lived, I am sure. When I think of God, I always think of Mother; for Mother was like what I think God is. She taught us not to complain. She had very hard things in her life, but she lived what she taught us. I'm trying to honor Mother by doing what she taught me to do—be cheerful and help others, forgetting my own self."

Jane—the hilltop dreamer—gave three children to the world: a great and generous surgeon, a Christian missionary who gave his life for Chinese unfortunates, and a teacher who could lie in bed for twenty, and more, years as a result of saving the life of a foreign pupil, and still forget herself to help others.

Jane of the hilltop was a great mother.



## *The Boy Who Changed His Mind*

**I**'M GOING TO QUIT SCHOOL TO GO TO WORK," SAID YOUNG HARRY Plotz when his teacher asked him why he was not in school on a certain day. "I'm tired of books. What's the use of all the stuff we have to study anyway?"

Harry's teacher knew that Harry had come to the age when being kept in school all day was tiring and boring. He had had many boys tell him they were quitting since he had been teaching in that public school in Brooklyn, New York. So he began to think of a way to get Harry to change his mind and to do the wise thing, rather than the thing he wanted to do.

"That would be very foolish, Harry," he said. "You're just spring-lazy. Remember you are one of our best runners. Why not stay in school until you graduate? Why not try to make a record in running this spring? I'll help you with your studies, if you

really need help, and I'll find a place for you in athletics. Think it over. You'll be in school tomorrow, I'm sure."

Athletics sounded interesting, much more interesting than books. His teacher was also athletic coach in the school, and Harry knew that he meant what he said when he promised a place in sports. So he changed his mind and, with a grin, appeared in school the following day. In order to be on the team he had to make good marks in his lessons, so he studied harder. School became interesting once more. In an interschool contest he ran one hundred yards in ten seconds, beating any Brooklyn public school record at that time.

Mr. Campbell, his teacher, liked Harry, and he knew that the boy had the promise of a good future if he would only stick to his books. He made a pal of the boy, inviting him to his home. He took him to big athletic meets, and introduced him to famous runners. When graduation time came, Harry began to talk of going to work again. He felt that he must earn any education he might have in the future.

"There are ways of getting help for boys who have a purpose in life," said Mr. Campbell. "You do what you can during the summer, and I'll help to find the way to make college possible." And he kept his word.

Now Harry had always said he wanted to be a doctor, and he had been tremendously interested in the things to be seen under a microscope. He had spent many summers as a boy working in a laboratory with a doctor who lived in the country. In the fall he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City.

For a time all went well, but his interest in the laboratory, especially his work under the microscope, took time that should have been given to his books. Anatomy and physiology, especially, were hard for him. His old dislike for book learning pestered him continually. Finally, when facing a very hard anatomy examination in his third year, he became discouraged again. He was sure he was going to fail. Why not stop school for

a time to go to work? Why not work, and then have time in the evenings to give to his study of germs, of blood, and of tissues?

One day he met his old teacher on the street.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked his good friend.

"You look thin and tired. Are you studying too hard?"

"No, sir," said Harry Plotz. "I think I might just as well stop school, for I am going to fail that anatomy examination. It's just no use. I can't remember all that stuff that we are required to memorize. Now if it were germs, I'd never be too tired to study. But books—well, I'm just tired of it."

"Needed again," thought his teacher. Over the supper table things began to sound better to Harry, and he found he could smile occasionally.

"If you ever make a name for yourself in bacteriology," said Mr. Campbell, "you will have to master yourself and become an all-round medical man. The world needs what you have to give, Harry—needs it dreadfully. You have a great talent to use in the laboratory. You can fight diseases all over the world, if only you are ready when your chance comes. But your opportunity will pass you by if you cannot master yourself. Stay in college. Get ready." Well, Harry stayed in college, graduated with his class, and then began work in Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City.

In 1915 there were big headlines in the papers all over this country, and then in papers over the sea:

Dr. Harry Plotz, a young intern in Mt. Sinai Hospital, has succeeded in isolating the typhus bacillus—the deadly germ that spreads typhoid fever throughout our own and other lands. He is working now to make a vaccine that will control the disease. In wartime, this is a tremendously important discovery for the whole world.

The boy who couldn't master his books, as he thought, had found something that medical men had sought for many years. His first BIG chance had come, and he was ready.

He made the vaccine in 1916, when World War I was spreading disease and death all over Europe. A dreadful scourge of typhoid was raging in Serbia, especially.

"You must go and fight it," said the directors of Mt. Sinai Hospital. "No one has the knowledge and experience that you have."

"We need you. We must have your help," said the surgeon general of the United States Army.

He was soon on his way with a wonderful vaccination outfit and well-trained nurses to help him. He was put on the staff of the surgeon general of the United States Army and, through his knowledge of germs and his self-sacrificing service in fighting them, thousands and thousands of American soldiers, as well as of those of other countries, were saved from death.

At last he was free to return to his homeland for a much-needed rest. But an even greater honor had come to him, all unsought. A man was needed to work in Pasteur Institute in Paris, France, as director of services. He was to take the place of the world-famous Louis Pasteur, to study diseases among people, cattle and plants, and to find ways of controlling them. Dr. Harry Plotz was unanimously chosen to be that man, and he accepted the position. His second big chance had come, and he was ready for it.

As he worked, year after year, the words of his old teacher, who had become Dr. Campbell, superintendent of schools of New York City, often came to his mind,

"You can fight diseases all over the world, if only you are ready when your chance comes. Stay in college. Get ready."

Writing to a friend after he had accepted the position in Pasteur Institute, Dr. Plotz said,

Without the help of my friend and teacher, I should never have had half a chance to do the thing which I most wanted to do from the time I was a young boy: look through a microscope and then find a way to fight disease and death. Suppose I had left school. This wonderful opportunity would have passed me by. Now I want to find the germ that pesters boys and girls of America. I want to fight measles.

Dr. Plotz died in 1947. For over thirty years he had given his life to the thing he could do so efficiently, the thing that he

most wanted to do. He had become one of America's greatest scientific men. He was loved and honored by the countries across the sea, as well as by his own United States.



### *Why Elizabeth Was Chosen*

THE BOYS OF THE TRIANGLE CLUB OF CENTER HIGH SCHOOL WERE seated on the gymnasium steps choosing the girls whom they intended to invite to the house party at Mrs. Warren's. She had a cottage on a lake fifteen miles from the city, and she had written to the school to say that she wanted the six boys of the Club to spend a whole week with her son, George, at the cottage. She had suggested that if they preferred to do so, they might invite the girls to come for two or three days. Mrs. Warren was the wife of their minister in the church to which they all went, so the boys knew that the mothers of the girls would be glad to have their daughters enjoy some time at the cottage in the pines.

One by one they had chosen the girls and written their names opposite their own on a sheet of paper to be sent to Mrs. Warren. All that remained to be done was to find out what girl Carl Green, their president, wished to invite. Carl was taking an examination, so they were waiting for him.

"I think he will choose Charlotte Morey," said Ted. "She is so pretty, and Carl took her to several dances last winter."

"Not a bit of it," said Tom. "He will ask Helen Keats for she makes high marks, and he is glad to be seen out with her. She is good company, and I hope he asks her."

"I think he will ask his sister Jane," said Gregory. "Carl is

always thinking of her and if she is at home, he will ask her first, I am sure."

While they were talking, they saw the boy coming across the lawn in front of the school. Every boy jumped to his feet and went forward to meet him. Carl Green was easily the hero of Center High School. He led in sports. He was cheery and patient. He was a good student. Carl was an all-round boy, and what he did was right in the eyes of the rest.

"Come on, Carl," they called. "Listen to this letter from Mrs. Warren. She says we can invite the girls for two or three days of the house party there. Won't that be great? We have chosen our part of the girls and now we are waiting to see whom you care to take. Of course we all think we know, but we thought you might like to write the name yourself. Hurry up!" Carl took the paper and looked over the list.

"That will be a fine group, fellows," he said. "I like those girls you have chosen. The last week in June is the week Jane will be away. I'm sorry, for I should like to have given her the fun. Well, as long as she can't go, I think I'll invite Elizabeth Wyman."

A chorus of boys' voices protested as soon as he had spoken the name:

"Elizabeth Wyman! Why do you want to ask her? She doesn't go with our bunch. She refused to go to the dance at the beach with us, though the whole club was going. She said she didn't like the movie we were going to see first. She wouldn't vote for the Sunday picnic that we wanted. Oh, Carl, you don't want her. We don't want her, if you do. She will spoil all our fun. Choose another girl, please."

Carl let the boys say all they wanted to say about the name he had chosen. Then he said,

"Boys, if you insist, I will choose another girl, of course, but I prefer to ask Elizabeth. I'll be frank with you. I'm going to go with her if she will let me, and this would be a fine opportunity for us all to get to know her better."



"If she will let you! That's a joke," laughed Tom. "As if any girl wouldn't let you."

"No, boys," said Carl. "I mean what I say. I am going to go with Elizabeth if she will let me. I'll tell you why. I want you to know her as I do, for if she is my girl, you will often be with her. I'll tell you a little story.

"It was the night of the snowstorm. I was coming up the street, with the wind blowing a gale, when I caught up with Elizabeth. It was dreadfully cold, and she was snuggling down in that beautiful neckpiece of ermine which she wears occasionally. I like furs, and I commented on its beauty. It is so simple, yet so rich, and different from the furs that most girls wear.

" 'Uncle sent it to me last winter,' she said. 'Uncle has plenty of money so he sends me beautiful gifts. He usually writes some message or story to accompany the gift. With this came the story of the ermine.'

" 'Tell me the story,' I said. 'I'm interested.' She hesitated.

" 'You might think it foolish,' she said, 'but uncle and I are pals, and I like to have his help in growing up. This is what he wrote me:

" 'I wonder, Betsy, if you wouldn't like to wear this little ermine neckpiece this winter when you are sweet sixteen. When the ermine comes to a puddle of mud, it tries to go around. If it can't, it will die before it will soil its coat. So the hunters know how to make it hesitate, and be trapped. Wouldn't it be wonderful if you, and all the other girls who are your friends, would be as careful of your characters, and never—no never—do that which will soil them.'

" 'We walked most of a block,' Carl continued, "before we spoke, and then she said, 'I'm sure some of the girls at school think I am peculiar because I will not do some of the things that they do. Perhaps they are all right for them, but I feel that they would soil my coat. I prefer not to do them. This little bit of ermine often helps me to choose what to do. Of course I enjoy wearing the lovely fur, but it would make me very uncomfortable

to wear it if I didn't try. Uncle loves me, and so he tries to help in interesting ways. I like it.' "

There was silence when Carl finished speaking. They all remembered things Elizabeth Wyman had refused to do, and they knew she had been wise; they had been foolish. Finally Carl threw back the long locks of hair that had fallen across his forehead.

"Fellows," he said. "I know a good thing when I see it. The girl who wants to keep her character above reproach is a good friend for a boy to have. She is worth asking to our house party, and Mrs. Warren will welcome her there. I'm thinking she is worth cultivating as a friend. Good-by, fellows. I'm going to ask her before any of the rest of you change the name you had written on the paper."

So Elizabeth Wyman went to the house party, and to this day she wonders why the boys were so different from what they had seemed before. Because she didn't know the real reason, she decided that it must have been because she was invited by Carl Green, the leader of their club.



## *The Touchstone*

A CHINESE FOLK STORY

**M**ANY CENTURIES AGO A WIZARD HID A WONDERFUL STONE IN China. No one knew the size or the shape or the color of the stone. It had the power to turn lead to gold, and so would make the one who found it the wealthiest man in China. Perhaps he would be the wealthiest man in the whole world. Many

persons, both old and young, had searched for days and weeks for the stone, but all had failed to find it.

Finally the young prince, who would one day be the king, said to himself,

"That wonderful stone is right here in my father's kingdom. We should own it. Think of all the things I could do, and have, if only I could find the wonderful touchstone. I am going to hunt from sunrise to sunset. I shall leave no stone unturned or untried."

So he rose before the sun was up and, buckling on a heavy leaden belt over his beautiful robe, he started his search, eager and full of hope.

He looked along the roadsides and in the woods. He turned over stones in the dry river bed and at the foot of an old quarry. He went to the seashore. Every stone that looked at all interesting, he tried on his belt.

Once he saw a stone that was black as night and shone like polished ebony. "Surely this must be the touchstone," he cried. "I have never seen such a stone." Eagerly he touched it to his belt, but only a leaden belt was there. Disappointed, a little discouraged, he flung himself on the ground to rest, for it was near noontime. He turned the black stone over and over in his hands, even trying it again on his belt. Then, angrily, he threw it away. "Only a good-for-nothing black stone," he cried as he started his search once more.

Soon he found a crimson stone. It glittered in the sun as it lay in a bed of moss which his feet had trampled. It had many facets, and was tiny in size.

"Ah," he cried. "Only a wizard could have cut and polished that stone. It is mine—the magic touchstone," and he pressed it roughly against his belt. But only a leaden belt remained, and he threw the crimson stone as far away as he could.

As the afternoon wore away, and his hands became sore and bleeding from handling many stones, he found a yellow stone. It looked like gold, he thought wearily. He picked it up, touched it carelessly to his belt and then said,

"How silly I am to hunt for this stone. My father is rich, and I can have what I want. Why should I hunt farther for the hidden thing? Probably it is only a tale. I will go home to rest."

He turned around, but he still kept his eyes on the ground and walked slowly so that he might surely see any interesting stone. It was nearly dusk when he saw a pure white stone. It had been rounded by swift-flowing waters. It was smooth as silk and white as the purest marble. It was fast in the ground, so he tugged and pulled and finally laid himself flat on the ground so as to touch the stone to his belt. But only a leaden belt remained.

Tired, discouraged and disgusted, he hurried along the way, picking up one and another common stones and touching them in twos and threes to his belt, hardly even looking to see if they were magic. His enthusiasm and eagerness had all gone. He only wanted to get home and to bed.

Not even waiting to make a light, he pulled his belt from his waist and threw it on the table. As he did so, it shone in the bright moonlight. It was gold—polished gold—pure gold.

"What have I done?" he cried. "One of the stones that I held in my hands was the touchstone which would have brought wealth, success, fame into my life. I must find it. Was it the black stone? the crimson stone? the yellow stone? the white stone? Maybe it was just a common stone that I threw close to the palace gate. I will hunt for it. I must find it at once, for it is near by. Why did I not use my eyes as well as my hands? Perhaps my opportunity has gone forever."

He rushed from the palace with a lantern and picked up stones that were near the palace. He went to the quarry and the sea-shore, to the river bed and the swamp, but he found no stone that was yellow or crimson or black or white. They were gone forever, and the common stones were too numerous to handle.

So the touchstone was left, again, for some young man who was eager and persistent, and who would use both hands and eyes, even though he might be tired, disappointed and discouraged.



## *Ahni*

**B**ECAUSE AHNI WAS A LITTLE GIRL, SHE WAS NOT WELCOME IN her home in far-off Korea. From the very first day that she came into that home there were hard things in her life. She was often hungry; she was beaten; she was almost always unhappy.

Of course her mother loved her, even though she couldn't do the things for her that she could have done if Ahni had been a little boy. So when her father tried to beat her, Ahni would run and hide somewhere near to her mother, hoping to be safe from harm.

Ahni was only five years old when her mother died, and then her father sold her to an old man as a slave. She had a sweet little voice, and her owner knew that he could make money by having Ahni sing on the streets. Her work was hard from the first. She had to hunt for wood, take care of the many babies in the home, and work long hours in the rice fields. She had little to eat, so she was always hungry. Her bed was just some straw thrown on the floor in the corner of the hut in which her owner lived.

Ahni had no one to keep her clean and well. Her shoes were old, and the cold, creeping in, soon made her feet sore and painful. She had no mittens to keep her hands warm when she had to stand on the corner and sing the crude songs which her master taught her. If she brought in few pennies at night, she was beaten and sent to bed without supper. And so she was very unhappy and lonely.

Finally, when Ahni was twelve years old, she became sick and helpless. She could not walk; she could not work with her hands. She suffered all the time with pain, but more from the cruel

words and beatings of her master. At last he would have her in the home no longer, so he took a big stick and drove her from the house. He pointed to a large building on the top of a hill and said,

“Go up there. If they cure you, come back and work. If they don’t cure you, never let me see your face in this house again.”

Ahni had learned to mind just what this man told her, so she crawled slowly and painfully up the hill to the big house, which was a mission hospital. What would they say to her? Would they make her well again? She didn’t much care. By the time she had reached the steps of the hospital she was too tired even to ask them to take her in. She lay down in a little heap on the doorstep, waiting for someone to come out.

It was a kind-looking, gentle doctor who almost stepped on the bundle of rags which he saw as he opened the door. When he found that a little girl was inside that bundle of rags, he picked her right up in his arms and carried her into the hospital. There Ahni told them her story.

First, they gave her a bath in a big white tub. Now Ahni had never had a bath like that before, and she was afraid of the water. She screamed with fear, but when she felt the soothing touch of the nurse as she bathed her with the soft washcloth, Ahni begged to stay in the warm, sweet-smelling water.

Then she was taken to a white bed. Ahni had never slept in a bed before, and she could hardly believe that it was her good fortune when the nurse turned back the white coverlet and placed her gently between the white sheets. The nurse rubbed the sore legs with medicine, combed the tangled hair, and gave her a clean, pretty nightgown. Then the nurse, filled with pity for the homeless little girl, kissed her on the forehead and said,

“Sleep now, little girl. We will care for you and love you here, you may be sure. Good night.”

But Ahni could not sleep. No one had kissed her since her mother had gone away, and that was so long ago that she could just remember it. No one had loved her, and now the sweet-faced



nurse had said that they would love her and care for her. Ahni was so happy that it hurt.

As time went by, the nurses came to love her dearly. She was so patient, so cheerful, so grateful for all that they did for her. They did everything in their power to make the wounds on her body heal, but they had been there for such a long time; they had been so cruelly neglected that they would not heal, and so Ahni had to go on the operating table three times. There they took off one hand—then another—then a foot.

Ahni was then thirteen years old, but she looked more like a girl of ten as she lay in her wheel chair, day after day, in the sunshine. Sometimes she was thinking soberly. She had no home and no friends. How could she ever walk with only one leg? How could she work and earn her living with only stumps for hands? What would become of her when the time came for her to leave the hospital?

But most of the time she was learning to read and to count; she was learning to sing the beautiful hymns which the nurses taught her; she was learning to tell the Bible stories which the head doctor told her sometimes when he sat beside her in the sunshine. He, too, had been on the operating table and was trying to get well.

One day, many weeks after her leg had been taken off, someone told Ahni that one of the nurses was soon to go to America, and that she expected to see the little girls who had given the money for the bed in which Ahni had lain for such a long time. Ahni knew those little girls by name, for their picture hung over her bed and she had loved to look at it.

"Could I send a message to those little girls?" asked Ahni.

"I am sure nurse would be glad to take it for you," was the reply.

So, a few minutes later, Ahni went sliding along the hall on a little leather cushion until she came to the room where the nurse was working. She pounded on the lower part of the door with

her stubs of arms until the nurse came to the door and lifted her into the room.

"Nurse Catherine says that you are going to see my little girls in America," said Ahni, her eyes alight with happiness. "Will you tell them something for me? Tell them Ahni is the happiest little girl in the whole world. Tell them Ahni says, 'Thank you! Thank you!'"

"But Ahni," said the nurse, "if I tell them that, then you must tell them why you are happy. You see the little girls know that you have no home, no mother, no hands and only one foot. I think they would not believe me if I should tell them that you said you were the happiest little girl in the whole world. Why are you happy, Ahni?"

"Hold up your hands, nurse, so we can count, and I will tell you five reasons," said Ahni. "First, I am happy because all the pain has been cut away, and I can sleep at night in the nice white bed. Next, I have never been beaten since I came here. Next, I am never cold or hungry any more. Next, everyone seems to love me here, and no one in the whole world ever loved me before; you kiss me here, and call me your girlie. And then—Oh, best of all—I am learning to read and to tell stories about Jesus and I love to do that. There are the five reasons, nurse. Tell the little girls that Ahni is the happiest little girl in all the big world. Tell them Ahni says, Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"



## *One Way to Say Thank You*

**J**OHN DEFARRARI WAS ONLY NINE YEARS OLD WHEN HIS FATHER gave him a market basket containing apples and plums and told him to go on the street to sell them. Now the little dark-haired Italian boy lived in one of the narrow back streets in the North End of Boston. It wasn't a good place to sell fruit, so he wandered about from one street to another. Finally, he decided that the men and women who went in and out of the Boston Public Library were the sort of folks he would like for customers. He took his place at the side of the building each day and was soon doing a good business. He liked to see the men with their arms full of books hurrying through the big doors.

"Someday I'm going in there to see what they do," he said to himself. "Maybe they are rich and successful because they read what they find there. They look different from the folks who hurry past me on Washington Street."

So one day young John plucked up courage enough to follow one of his customers into the library. He stared in amazement at the piles of books that he saw on the shelves, and at the beautiful pictures and bronzes that decorated the building. After a while he found a seat and took down one of the big volumes on a shelf near his chair. Would he ever be able to understand what such a big book was trying to say? He hoped so.

That day John Defarrari began a habit that lasted for more than seventy years. Every day he walked from his home to the library, after his hard day's work was done, to read or to study. He loved the light, the quiet, the warmth, the bigness, and above all the friendliness of the librarians.

John had to leave school in the eighth grade to go to work, but

he still sold fruit near the library after hours, and then went in to read for the evening. By the time he was sixteen, he had saved enough money to buy a horse and wagon. With this he could go farther, carry more kinds of fruit and earn more money every day. He was in the wholesale fruit business at nineteen, and when he was twenty-seven, he opened a large fruit store quite close to the library.

When the old building was torn down and a larger, finer library was erected on the site of the first one, John was one of the most interested spectators. He would finish his work, eat a very simple supper, and then go to sit on a wall to see how much had been done during the day. As it grew dark he would go into the temporary reading room to study.

Soon he was reading books that only well-educated business men are likely to read: books on economics, statistics, history and biography. He had begun to buy real estate in Boston, so he read things that made him a wise buyer.

John was a very plain, unassuming man; no one, not even his neighbors, dreamed that he was becoming a very wealthy man. His suits were usually unpressed. His coats were often fastened with safety pins, for he lived alone in the house where he had dwelled as a boy. He was never married, so he had no one to care for him or for his home. He cooked his own meals. He spent nothing for luxuries, and very little for pleasure. His greatest joy was to be in the library. He had no telephone, no radio, no automobile. He lived happily without most of the things that Americans think they must have.

But everyone grows steadily older and, at last, John Defarrari realized that he was getting to be a very old man. He had no relative to whom to leave all the money that he had earned and saved. What should he do with it? For four years he tried to decide. He asked some bankers, but they thought such a poorly-dressed man must have very little to leave. They weren't much interested.

One day in September, 1947, when he was eighty-four years

old, John went to the Boston Public Library with a lawyer and asked to see the chairman of the board of trustees. In his hands he carried some large envelopes. When asked what he wanted, he replied,

"The Boston Public Library has given me most of what I possess. If I couldn't have had the free use of books all these many years, I could never have earned and saved what I have done. I want to give some of my money now, while I am alive, to the library for the children of the city. I want it to be especially for poor children—such as I once was. I want to help young men make good use of their time. Judgment, courage, vision—these make men great. These qualities are what the world needs, and any boy or girl can find these things in the library. I want to give you some money."

With eyes shining with pleasure, that little old Italian placed in the hands of the chairman of the board of trustees securities for a million dollars.

"I should like to have it build a room or a wing for the wider use of the library," he said. "I want it to be for the use of children—poor children. I was poorly dressed, but they welcomed me and helped me. I want to say thank you."

"Why do you choose to give your money to the library, rather than to other good objects?" he was asked.

"The library taught me that I had no time to waste, for there are wonderful things to be discovered still. Young people must play fair. Every night they should balance up what they have done that day. If they are not sorry for the things they have done, they can rest easily. I chose to help the library because rich and poor, negro and white, Christian and Jew are all enriched by what they find there. There is nothing to harm; everything to help. To the poor, the library is a wonderful friend. Our country gives us so much. Youth must be grateful."

So he gave the million dollars to the library to say thank you for what it had done for him. The million is to be invested. When it has earned a million, the first million is to be used to build

something for the children, as he wished. Thus the name of John Defarrari, once a little Italian boy in Boston's North End, was added to the list of noted Americans who have loved their city, and have found a way to make it better. His gift was one of the largest single gifts ever made to the city of Boston. His picture will soon hang in the library, and for generations his money will be giving help and pleasure to the thousands who use the great Boston Public Library.

*Wanted—a Geography*

HOW MUCH DOES A GEOGRAPHY COST?" CALLED A BOY OF THIRTEEN as he pushed open the door of a Cincinnati bookstore.

The clerk and her customer, Mr. Preston, both turned quickly to find a thin, ragged, undersized boy looking up at them. His right hand was tightly clasped over something that was apparently very precious. The day was bitterly cold, yet the boy was thinly dressed and looked cold and hungry.

"Geographies are one dollar each," replied the clerk. "Did you want to buy one?"

"I want one awful bad," stammered the shy boy, "but I've only got sixty-two cents. Won't that buy a little one?" He held out his hand to show his pennies, dimes and nickels, hoping to change the no that he feared to a yes. When the clerk shook her head, the boy turned with a sigh and quickly left the store.

"Try to get one in the other bookstores," called the clerk. "You might find a secondhand one somewhere."

"I like that boy," said Mr. Preston. "I think I will follow



him to help a little if he can't find a geography for sixty-two cents."

Into one store after another the boy went, and each time he failed; each time his face grew more troubled and puzzled. Finally in the window of the fifth store he saw some secondhand books.

"I've got sixty-two cents," he cried as he pushed the door open. "Will it buy a geography here?"

"I think so, sonny," replied a smiling lady. "It may not be a new one, and again it might. I'm quite sure I can find one for you, but it may take a little time. Sit down here and look at some of these new books." The boy moved about the store after she had gone, touching one book after another tenderly. His whole face was full of longing to own them.

"Why do you want a geography?" asked Mr. Preston, stopping at the table where the boy had halted. "Most boys of your age are looking for story books. I'd like to know your name, too, if I may."

"My name is Willie Hartley," replied the boy, wondering why such a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman had chosen to speak to him. He was such a ragged boy. "I want a geography, sir, because I want to learn about the world. I can't go to school now because I have to help my mother. If I had a book at home, I could read in it and know the things it told about. I like to look at the geographies that the schoolboys carry. My father was a sailor, sir, and a geography would show me where he went. Mother would like me to have one, too."

When the clerk returned, she had two books in her hand. The boy ran quickly to her.

"Did you find one?" he asked. "Can I have it for sixty-two cents? That would be wonderful."

"I have a new geography that you may have for sixty-two cents," she replied. "I have also this secondhand one that is practically new. This would be fifty cents. Which will you have?"

"I'll take the one for fifty cents," answered the boy, eagerly

turning the pages. "Then I will have twelve cents left toward another book when I have saved more money."

"Wrap pencils and paper inside the book," said Mr. Preston aside to the clerk. Turning to the boy, he said,

"Sonny, I'd like to give you this dollar, and I want you to buy anything you want with it. You look to me like a boy who is going to make good in life."

Willie looked up into the face of the man, too happy to speak. He had his treasured book, and now he had a whole dollar. Did he dare to tell this new friend that he wanted to buy another book?

"Would you mind if I bought a book of poems for Mother?" he asked. "She likes poems, but she never has any to read at home."

"Fine!" replied Mr. Preston. "That's a wonderful idea."

"Let's go to see what we can find for a dollar and twelve cents," suggested the clerk. "You might even have two more books for all that money."

"I must go," said Mr. Preston. "I hope your mother likes her book. I'm sure you will have a grand time with a geography."

"Good-by, sir," said the boy. "Thank you an awful lot."

"Good-by," said the man. "I wish I had a son just like you." As he rode home, he wondered if he would ever see Willie Hartley again. He hoped so.

The years went by. Mr. Preston became Judge Preston, known and loved all over the state. One day he was on a ship which was trying to make port from the ocean. A terrible storm had been raging for days. The ship was leaking badly—so badly that the crew were nearly exhausted from working the pumps. Her rudder was torn off. Her masts were down. Passengers and crew knew that they might never reach their homes. Suddenly panic struck the crew. With one mad rush they ran to man the lifeboats to get away. "Hurry! Hurry!" they cried as they tugged at the ropes.

"Back to your posts, men!" thundered a calm, but determined, voice. "How dare you leave them without orders? As long as we

are an inch above water, there is a chance that we can make port. Trust me, men! I will get you safe to port. Trust me! Help me!"

Without a word the men went back to their posts. The boat crept slowly, but surely, into port and then sank at the wharf.

"My name is Judge Preston, and I want to thank you for saving my life," said the judge to the captain. "Your courage and persistence and knowledge surely brought us into port again," and he grasped the rough, hard hand of the captain.

"And my name is Captain William Hartley," was the reply. "You don't know me, Judge Preston, but I know you, sir. I have owed you a debt for many years. One day, long ago, you watched me buy a geography. Then you gave me a dollar, and you told me that you thought I was going to make good in life. Well, sir, I left the store with three books that day. I had my geography, a book of poems for Mother, and a book about ships. I began then to get ready to save your life on my ship today. Thank you, sir, for what you did for me long ago. I am glad to have been able to pay my debt."

"When he was thirteen, he was determined to get that book, and he got it," thought Judge Preston. "Today he was determined to get his ship into port, and we owe our lives to him. A dollar plus a kind word has paid tremendous dividends today."



## *The Red Rose*

THE GIRL AND HER FATHER WERE CHUMS, AND THAT IS A WONDERFUL thing to happen to a growing girl. She couldn't have had a better chum, or a more interesting one. He was a minister in a small country church, but for many years he had not been well. So the two had grown together as they walked the country roads or rested in the shade of the great trees. It was then that he told her stories—stories of fairies, nature, art, music and biography. Often he told her new stories that came right out of his own imagination. Sometimes she would retell the stories which he had told to her, but very often she told him make-believe stories. He would laugh merrily at the big tales that she could tell of what she had seen under the stones, or of what the birds and squirrels had said to each other. As long as she could remember, this was what they had done when they sat on a seat to rest. And what good fun it was.

He called her Daughter, and she called him Daddy, so that is what we will call them, too.

One day in June, when Daughter was eleven years old, Daddy came home with a new rosebush. Now the little white house in which they lived was surrounded on three sides with a lawn. In the lawn were many flower beds containing beautiful flowers. There were great velvety pansies, about whose faces they made up stories, and rows of sweet peas sending out their fragrance to entice the bees. Scattered here and there over the lawn were several great trees where many birds nested, most of which they knew by name. Sometimes they would imitate the songs and calls of the birds.

The flower bed to which the two went most often was the one

in which the roses grew. The people in the town often wondered how their minister could raise such beautiful flowers. They didn't know how he loved them, cared for them, and even talked to them. Daughter did.

When Daddy came in with a new rosebush one June day, Daughter ran for the spade. She loved to help to dig the deep hole, spread in the fertilizer, place the bush, and then cover it over, all under the watchful eye of her father. On that June day Daddy wasn't as strong as the family had hoped he might be. Together they planted the bush very carefully. They watered it every day; they watched for the first new shoots to appear. When the first buds began to appear, they placed a stick beside the bush to keep it very straight, and when the side buds pushed their way out of the stem, Daddy cut them off. This rosebush must have only one long, straight stem.

Daughter loved red roses, and as this new bush was to be all her very own, she hoped the flowers were to be red, and she waited impatiently to find out.

One morning Daddy came in to say that the big bud at the top of the stem was beginning to open. It was breakfast time, so Daddy and Daughter took their bowls of oatmeal and their slices of toast right out to the garden. They sat down on the green bench by the side of the rose bed and watched as, one by one, the petals began to unfold. The rose was red—a deep, deep velvety red. The outer petals, just a bit lighter, seemed to close about the center as if trying to keep winds and bees away from its lovely heart. It was a beautiful blossom, and they were very happy as they watched it. They bent to smell its fragrance. They looked at it from every side of the flower bed.

Suddenly Daughter saw Daddy reach for his knife. She knew what that meant, for almost every day he cut flowers from his garden and sent them by her to some home in the village.

"Don't cut the flower, Daddy," she cried in alarm. "You gave the rose to me. I want it to grow right there."

But Daddy reached far down on the stem and cut it off. He

held it in his hand for a moment, and with his other hand he reached out for hers, and held it very tight.

"Daughter," he said, "I have grown this beautiful rose for you, and now I have picked it for you. Someday I shall not be here to tend the flowers with you, nor to tell you stories. When I am gone, I hope you will remember, always, this little red rose. I want you to be, and I expect you to try to be, as beautiful in life and character as this rose is in form and color. Remember how we have helped it to grow into such a perfect plant and flower by caring for it, and by cutting away all the things that would have made it grow small and imperfect. It lives and blooms to give out sweetness and beauty. Take it to your room. Put it into the vase that is waiting there. Remember, Daughter, I want you to grow to be like this red rose," and he bent and kissed the forehead of his little daughter-chum.

The rose went into the vase, and the message went deep into her soul. Daddy had told her the truth. In a few short weeks she had no Daddy, and a terrifying loneliness had taken his place. Then the red rose began to help. When she passed the florist's in the city where she was sent to school, red roses in the window talked to her of Daddy and his dream for her. When she sat on the bench in a park and ate her lunch at the noon hour, she could see red roses in the garden of a rich man who lived near by. Then she would make believe that she and Daddy were working together to make the flowers beautiful. When the days were full of loneliness and discouragement, she would look at a picture of a red rose which she had bought to hang on the wall in her room, and it would give her courage to try again. In college, when temptations came thick and fast, she would take some of the pennies that were so pitifully few in her purse, and she would buy a red rose for her study table, in place of some food that looked tempting. Daddy was always right there saying, "Remember, Daughter, I want you to be, and I expect you to try to be, like a beautiful red rose. It lives and blooms to give out sweetness and beauty."



Very many years have passed since that June day when Daddy and Daughter planted their rosebush. The gray is streaking the hair of that girl who helped to care for that garden. If you should chance to visit in her home, you would often find a single red rose in a silver vase somewhere in the living room. If you admired it, and you were a girl or boy in your teens, she might tell you the story as I have told it to you here. I feel very sure she would end what she said to you in some such way as this,

“And so a little red rose, anywhere, anytime, indoors or out in a garden, just brings back my chum—my story-telling father—and his beautiful way of helping his Daughter to love beautiful things—and especially a red rose.”



### *Mahmoud's Victory*

WHAT A QUEER SCHOOLHOUSE IT WAS! IT HAD NO ROOF OVER it, no seats in it, no windows at all, and no one had a book except the teacher. Yet it was a real school, and some of the boys walked five miles a day to attend it.

Two years before, the great building had been the home of a rich Armenian. A beautiful garden with a fountain in the center was before the house. Orchards of figs, olives, apricots and pears were back of the house. Acres of grapes were back of the orchards. Now the trees and vines were broken down, and tall weeds had choked out all the flowers. It was a bare desolate place for a school, it would seem.

One day, two years before, word had come that the Turks were raiding the valley, burning everything they found, and killing

all the Armenians. The rich Armenian who owned this beautiful home fled with his family and what belongings they could carry. The Turks came. They ruined the home, the big barns, the orchards and the vineyards, leaving nothing valuable behind them. What they could not take, they burned. The Armenian had never dared come back, and so the great house had stood there, empty and forlorn, for two years.

A missionary, who was riding that way, saw the house and the fine fruit on a few of the trees.

"This would be a grand place for my family during the hot summer," he said. "It will be in the dry season, so the lack of a roof won't matter. The great trees will give us shade." And that is how there happened to be a family living in that house with no roof, no windows, and only one door.

Soon after moving into the house, the missionary found that there were boys in the neighborhood who longed to go to school again, so he gathered them from the villages around, and school began. He also taught them many new games to play during their noon hour.

Finally, twenty boys came regularly, sat on the floor and eagerly listened to the new teacher. He told them Bible stories, taught them better ways of living, and became to them a real friend.

About a mile south of the school lived Mahmoud, a Mohammedan boy. He soon heard of the school and wanted to go, but his father forbade him to go near the house.

"The evil eye of the Christian brings great trouble," he said. "To listen to a Christian is a sin. All the family will be punished if you disobey. I forbid you to go."

For a time Mahmoud obeyed, for he was afraid. But boys like to tell others of things that interest them. Soon the schoolboys were describing the fun of the games, and the kindness of the teacher. Two Mohammedan boys were already in the school, they said, and so there couldn't be any truth in the story of the evil eye. They told him some of the Bible stories, and he liked them.

Every day he drove his sheep nearer and nearer to the school-house that had no windows and no roof.

One day Mahmoud's father found that he had to go away for a month, and the boy was told that he must be faithful in tending the sheep and be sure to drive them where there was good pasture. This was just what Mahmoud wanted to happen. The best pasture was close to the school. He dared not go in and sit down, but he knew he could sit in one of the places where the windows had been and listen to those stories about which the boys had told him. He was there the next morning when the missionary went into the yard for water, but his back was turned so that no evil eye could hurt him. When school began, he sat in the window, hearing and seeing all that went on. And the missionary neither looked at him nor spoke to him.

The story that day was about the Good Samaritan. Mahmoud had seen the cruelty of the Turks all his life, so the story was very real.

"I think that teacher would have been kind, too," he said as he drove his sheep home. "My father would have gone right by." When he passed a dog with a wounded leg, he stopped and bound it up with a big leaf.

"Like that man in the story," he said to himself.

When the story was of the Feeding of the Five Thousand, he brought a great basket of fruit from his father's orchard and left it in the window.

"Boys always like to give to their teachers," he said to himself. "He is a good teacher. I like that man, Jesus, about whom he tells the boys."

Finally there came a day when one of the boys was missing, and a certain game could not be played. The boys knew that Mahmoud was a very fast runner, and they began to tease him to join them. At first he refused. They let him handle the bat and the ball. They drew him out to the field and soon he was playing, as happy as any of the rest. The final game that they played was baseball. Mahmoud was guarding the third base.

One of the boys hit the ball far into the field. It came back to Mahmoud just as the runner reached the base, and they rolled together in the dust.

"Out! Game!" called the teacher. Mahmoud's side had won. The boys crowded around him, telling him what a fine player he was, and trying to make him promise to play with them every day. The boys went back to their lessons, and Mahmoud took his seat in the window. Soon he left there right in the middle of an interesting story. The boys looked surprised. Was he sick? Had his sheep wandered away?

Mahmoud went across the garden plot and then into the field where the sheep were grazing. He sat down under a tree for almost an hour, thinking. Then he went back to the house and motioned that he wanted to say something. Raising his voice so that all the boys could hear, he said,

"I didn't touch Aram at all when we slid on that base. It looked as if I did, but I didn't. My hand was right under me all the time where you couldn't see it. I don't want to be a cheat. I can't be a Jesus-boy, because I am a Mohammedan, but I can act like one. I want to play that over again and play it right."

The boys looked angrily at him at first. They had won. Why play it over? But the teacher said to Mahmoud,

"We would much rather have you play right than to win a game. That is one reason why we play games—to learn to play fair, and to take a loss cheerfully. Come, boys! Let's see if Mahmoud can help you to win again."

Another inning was played. The same side won by two points, instead of one. Then Mahmoud drove his sheep home along the dusty road. He had a happy feeling inside. He had done the hard right thing. He had acted like the folks did in the stories that the missionary teacher told the boys in that queer school that had no roof, no windows, no seats, and only one book out of which to study.



## *In the Patchwork Quilt*

THERE WERE THREE THINGS IN GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM THAT looked very much out of place in their beautiful surroundings: an old-fashioned homemade chair, a big family Bible containing many pictures and the family record, and a patchwork quilt that was over the foot of the bed by day, and carefully spread over Grandmother at night. All three had interesting histories, and little Carl, her grandson, loved to hear Grandmother tell about them.

Carl had had infantile paralysis, so he lay in the sunshine most of the day, but on cloudy days he was carried to Grandmother's room to spend part of the time. Carl loved the old lady, so every morning he would say to his nurse, "Is it cloudy today?" and he would laugh merrily if she told him that it was.

Fortunately, the day before Christmas was cloudy, so Carl was brought to Grandmother's room early in the morning. Some pillows were placed in the big chair, and he was covered with warm quilts.

"Grandmother," said Carl, when he had rested awhile, "this is the day when you promised to tell me the story of that little red block in your patchwork quilt. It's a Christmas story, isn't it, Grandma? It may be sunshiny tomorrow, so I want to hear it today."

"Bless your heart, child!" said Grandmother. "Have you remembered that promise all this long time? Let's find that red block here on the quilt." Carl had heard stories of many bits of cloth in the quilt, so he eagerly turned the quilt around until the bit of bright red was in his hands.

"Now look at this old picture to see how old I was when I

pieced that red block," said Grandmother. "Maybe I was ten years old." She straightened the pillows to make Carl more comfortable, fingered the red block, and then began:

"It was Christmas eve more than sixty years ago, but it seems like yesterday, Carl. A terrible storm had raged all day long, and we were all sitting in the big farmhouse kitchen after supper, trying to keep warm. The wind was blowing a gale. Huge drifts had piled up against the windows. Mother had put a homemade rug in front of the door to keep out the cold that seemed to force its way through every crack and crevice.

"Father was reading; brother was trying to play on an old violin; Mother was knitting and mending; and I was dressing and undressing my one old doll and wondering if I was to get another for Christmas. I was worried about our stockings, too, for Father hadn't been able to go to the store, as Mother had expected him to do. The two stockings were already hanging under the mantel over the fireplace, and the flame from the big backlog shone on them as they swayed back and forth. We were poor, and presents at Christmas were few and small, but we were happy with them. Father had expected to cut a Christmas tree for us that day, and I was sorry not to have one in our big living room, as usual. Father had just read us an interesting story about the queen bee when Rover began to bark furiously.

" 'That's strange,' said Father, 'Rover doesn't usually bark unless someone is coming; but who would come out here in this storm?'

" 'Maybe he hears an animal prowling about,' suggested my brother. 'A bear, maybe.'

"Soon Rover was clawing at the door and whining, so Father opened the door to let him in. A great drift of snow came tumbling right into our kitchen. Then Father whistled and called to Rover, but the dog wouldn't come in. He kept right on barking, whining, begging someone to come out into the snow.

" 'Something is wrong out there,' said Father. 'Rover wants help. I'll go to see what is the matter.'



" 'In this hard storm?' asked Mother. 'You may lose your way. You may get too tired and be sick again.'

" 'Someone may be out there,' replied Father, pulling on his great coat made of bear skins. Mother helped him find his mittens and cap, and then watched him plunge into the big drifts.

" 'It seemed a very long time to all of us before Father staggered into the room again with a bundle in his arms. He laid it down in Mother's arms before the fire, saying,

" 'Her mother is out there in the snow. She was trying to get here because they had no food and no fire in their house. Open the door quickly when I call.'

" 'When Mother pulled aside the shawl that was around the bundle, I saw a little girl—a little girl who lived about a mile up the road, and one whom I didn't like one bit. She often made faces at me and called me names on our way to school.

" 'That night, when we went to bed, the mother of the little girl lay very white and still in Brother's bed. Sarah was warm and cozy in my own. Brother was sleeping on blankets on the floor, and I lay on the sofa not far from the fireplace. Two stockings were hanging before the fire and as I tried to go to sleep, I was wondering what would be in them in the morning. Would I have a big, new doll? Then I suddenly remembered that Sarah would be there in the morning, and that there would be no Christmas presents in the stockings for her. That was a dreadful thought. Maybe she would cry when she saw our full stockings! Maybe I would have to give her some of my things! Suppose I should get a doll, and then have to give it to Sarah! I decided that I would give her only some candy. Perhaps her father would give her more things when he finally succeeded in getting home through the drifted snow.

" 'Well, Carl,' continued Grandmother, "our stockings were full in the morning. One of my gifts was a book that I had already read, and didn't like very well. Sarah and her mother were still asleep, so we talked about their Christmas and decided to hang up two stockings for them. Then each one of our family was to

put one thing into each stocking. When it came my turn, I said,

“ ‘Sarah likes to read, so I will give her my new book, and I will give my orange to her mother.’ Everyone thought I was very generous, but I knew that I had really been very selfish. It bothered me all day, especially when Sarah wanted to kiss me for being so good to her.

“Now the present that I liked best was some red cloth from which I was to have a new dress made. My favorite aunt had sent it from the city. It was a beautiful red, and soft to touch.”

“Like this, Grandmother?” asked Carl, holding up the red block for her to see.

“Like that,” said Grandmother. “Just like that, Sonny. Wasn’t it beautiful? I had dark curls and dark eyelashes. I knew I should look nice in that dress. I showed the cloth to Sarah, and she liked it, too. I saw her feeling and patting it. I knew she was wishing it belonged to her. Once I even asked her not to touch it. You see how selfish I was, Carl?

“When night came, Sarah’s mother wanted to try to get home, but Father, who had been working on the drifts most of the day, said she must stay with us until her husband came. So once more I had to sleep on the sofa.

“After all was still that night, I began to think how selfish and mean I had been. I had deceived Mother, too, and that hurt. I couldn’t go to sleep. Finally, I slipped out of bed and ran across the cold hall to Mother’s room. She was asleep, but woke when I gently touched her hand.

“ ‘Mother,’ I whispered, as she drew me under the bedclothes, ‘were you ever selfish and mean on Christmas Day?’

“ ‘I hope not,’ said Mother. ‘I don’t remember. Why do you ask?’

“ ‘If you had been selfish, and were sorry for what you had done,’ I persisted, ignoring her question, ‘what would you have done?’

“Mother held me very tight. ‘I don’t know,’ she said. ‘If I had talked it over with my mother, I think she would have ad-

vised me to give away something that I liked very much, if I was really sorry. But you aren't selfish, child. Run along to bed. Good night, dear.'

"I went slowly back in the darkness. I stood shivering beside the chair that held my gifts. I thought of what Mother had said. Then I took the red cloth from the box and carried it to the chair on which Sarah had put her gifts and her clothes. On the table near by was a pencil, for we had been playing a game before going to bed. On a piece of paper I wrote, 'From Jennie to Sarah. This will look much nicer on your light curls than it would on my dark ones.' I jumped into bed, and soon I was asleep.

"Mother understood, I think, for she didn't try to have me take back my gift. Instead, she cut out a dress for Sarah and helped her mother make it. When they went home that night, Sarah was wearing the new dress, and all I had left were some small pieces that I could use in making a block for my patchwork quilt. Mother helped me cut the little triangles, and before I went to bed, the little block was finished.

"My aunt sent more cloth when she heard what I had done, and Sarah and I were very good friends as we wore the red dresses, both just alike, to school. Carl, every time I look at the red block I am glad that my mother taught me how to turn a selfish deed into a kind one."

"Grandmother," said Carl, "is this quilt going to belong to you always?"

"Why, Carl," said Grandmother, with a happy smile, "no one else has ever wanted it."

"Couldn't I have it some day?" asked the little crippled boy. "I should like to have it over me when I sleep. Maybe I would be happier if I slept under your quilt. Maybe I wouldn't cry."

"Bless your heart, child," said Grandmother. "It is yours now. Just let me sleep under it as long as I live. Because, you see, I made it. You will be bigger then and can choose for yourself what bedclothes you have on your bed. This quilt is my Christmas present to my brave little grandson, with love."

Then she covered him with the queer, old patchwork quilt, and Grandmother and Carl were both very happy.

*Mothers Are Like That*

MAYBE THIS IS A QUEER THING TO GIVE A MAN FOR CHRISTMAS," said Mary Todd as she bent her gray head over her dining-room table counting, for the third time, the nickels, dimes and quarters she had placed there. "I've been saving my egg money ever since I saw what that man was doing there in Philadelphia when I went to visit James. I wonder if James will like my present."

"Fifty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety cents. Ten dollars and ninety cents. That's enough to pay for the present and the expressage," she whispered, though she was alone in the little house. Putting the change into an envelope, she wrapped the bills around it and then walked unsteadily to the window. It was a clear, cold night. A beautiful blanket of pure, white snow covered the space between her house and the white church next door. The light of the moon, shining on the steeple of the church, made the cross look like silver against the star-studded sky.

Mary stood silent, drinking in the beauty of the night.

"I'm so glad the hurricane didn't take the steeple off our church," she said. "I should miss it terribly. The cross was put there the year our little James was born—fifty years ago in March. I used to sit in the big chair to rock him after his father had gone over to the church at night. James would say, 'Sing, muvver! Sing!' James loved to hear me sing the hymns of the church. So did Eben. I hope the cross will be right there when I

go—when all my lonesome days are over. Dear, dear! I wish I could have Eben and my little boy for just one long day. It's so lonesome getting old alone."

The following day she hailed a passing boy and gave him a letter to mail for her.

"Maybe it's just silly that I am," she said. "Maybe James won't like my present. I most wish I hadn't sent that letter. I wish I had someone to talk to about it."

Dressed in her best Sunday dress, Mary waited anxiously for the next days. Had her letter gone astray? Would the man think she was a silly old woman? So she was all atremble when she saw someone unloading a queer-looking machine in her yard three days later.

"Come right in," she said. "I've been expecting you. I'll tell what I've thought of doing, and if it isn't wise, I want you to tell me right away. I don't want to send any foolish present to my son, James, for he is a very prominent man in the city. He is so busy that he thinks he can't come to spend Christmas with me this year. His wife couldn't keep warm here last year, and I guess she has persuaded him to stay there, so I will be all alone."

As she told her story, the man nodded sympathetically and she lost some of her fear.

"Such a present would have made me very happy," he said, at last. "I only wish my mother had given me one like it. Every Christmas would have been happier. Your son will be very much pleased with your gift. Now, where would you like to sit?"

"Why, I just hadn't thought of that," said the little old lady. "I'm very nervous today. I can't seem to think well."

"Suppose you sit in the very same place where you sat when your son was a little boy and you rocked him to sleep," suggested the man.

"We always sat in that big armchair," said the mother in a hushed voice, as though afraid to wake a child. "You see his father preached in that little church across the yard—the one with the cross on the steeple. James liked to watch the light play

on the cross while I rocked him to sleep. I'll just sit right here," she added, sinking contentedly into the big armchair.

"Fine," said the man, rolling the machine near to her chair. "Now suppose you sing to me first. I have several records here, and if we spoil one or two, it won't make one bit of difference. What will you sing for James?"

"You'll think me very stupid," she replied, "but I hadn't even thought of what to sing. What shall I sing?"

"A Christmas carol," he suggested. "*Silent Night. Away in a Manger. Joy to the World.* Any of them would be good. Now, I am ready."

The aged mother turned to look out of the window, and her face was very wistful and sad. For a long time she was silent, and the man watched and waited anxiously as she closed her eyes and rested.

"Haven't you some song that you sing when you are here all alone?" he asked. "Sing something for me first."

Without turning her head, she said, very slowly,

"I will sing for you what I sang for James many, many times when he was little, and I held him here in my arms. I sang it to his father, too, when he was too sick to go to his white church over there. Sometimes we sang it together—Eben and I."

With closed eyes and trembling voice, she sang,

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the Light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it shines with peace and joy.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;



*Thirty Stories I Like to Tell*

Peace is there that knows no measure;  
Joys that through all time abide.

When the song was ended, she sat in silence, looking at the little white church. Finally the man said softly,

"Mrs. Todd, shall we make a recording of a Christmas hymn now?"

"I am very tired," she said, wearily. "That song will have to do, I cannot sing again, for my heart is very lonely. I think I should like to have James remember me by that hymn, anyway."

"It was very beautiful as you sang it," said the man, wishing he dared to bend to kiss the wrinkled hand of the beautiful old mother. "I have never heard it sung so well. It was full of faith, and peace, and love."

"Faith . . . peace . . . love . . ." she repeated in a whisper, letting her gray head rest back among the pillows of the big chair. "Yes, I should like to have James know that there is just that—faith . . . peace . . . love—in my heart, even if I must spend Christmas Day all alone here in my dear old home. Thank you for saying it sounded good."

"Shall I bring a machine to play it for you before I send the record?" he asked.

"No, no!" came her hurried reply. "If it is good, send it to the address in that book which is on the table. If it isn't good, tell me quickly so that I can buy a present for my son. And now I am very tired. If you will help me to my bed, I must rest for a long time."

"And the card," suggested the man, as he copied the address from the book.

With trembling hands she took a Christmas card from the drawer and slowly wrote,

MY OWN DEAR SON,

I am sending you, this year, a gift which money cannot buy; a gift which you used to love when it came from your mother. I am sending you a gift of song. When you want me to sing for you—when you want

me to share your Christmas Day—I shall be right there with you in song, even if my bed-covering is like your father's on this beautiful day—the glistening snow. I have sat in the old armchair, and have looked at the steeple of your father's church as I have sung our dear old song for you. I wish for you—James, my son—faith and peace and love on this Christmas Day—and always.

MOTHER

*The Christmas Angel*

IN THE LAND OF FINLAND, FAR ACROSS THE SEA IN THE NORTHERN part of Europe, the mothers do not talk of Santa Claus. They tell of a beautiful angel who goes from house to house on Christmas Eve looking through the windows at the Christmas trees and presents. Sometimes she smiles; sometimes she shakes her head and looks very sad. If the gifts that have been placed about the tree have been prepared with love in the heart, no matter how small in size or in value the gifts may be, the fairy waves her wand over them, and they are sure to bring happiness to the one for whom they have been marked. If a gift is given only in return for one received the previous year, the Christmas Angel turns aside in sorrow, and the gift will bring no real pleasure, no matter how much it may have cost. The Finnish children believe in the Christmas Angel, so they try to give in love at Christmas time.

Once upon a time, long and long ago, so a Finnish mother told me, there lived in Finland a widow with her six children. Her husband had been killed by the falling of a tree, so they were very poor. The owner of the forest in the town had given the widow permission to gather what wood she needed, and also to put some

into small bundles which the children could cart into town to sell. So the widow had moved into a tiny cottage at the very edge of the forest, and the sale of the wood bought their food and clothing.

Their small house had only two rooms—one downstairs and one, called a loft, above. A ladder went from the room below to the one above. At night, a trap door was let down when the widow went to bed, lest one of the children fall through the hole in the floor and be hurt.

As the first Christmas drew near after the father had died, there was no money at all with which to buy presents. They talked it over together and decided that each child should have one present; then each member of the family would have to make, or buy, only one thing. The children could knit, and the mother had wool that had been made from their own sheep. This helped, for mittens, mufflers and caps were all needed.

On the day before Christmas the whole family went to the forest to cut the tree that had been chosen. Alexander cut it down; Gregory tied it on the sled; the smaller children all pulled the sled on the way home. It was so high that the ragged Christmas Angel, which they fastened to the top of the tree, reached to the very ceiling.

The children had no bright balls, silver tinsel or electric lights for their tree, as American children have, but they had strings of berries gathered in the forest; big, red apples grown on their own tree and bright red peppers from their summer garden. When several picture cards had been added, the tree was ready. As it grew dark, Alexander lighted a fire in the old fireplace, and it made the old room look very beautiful. They danced about the tree and sang a merry song before they brought their few presents to place them under the tree. Then they climbed the ladder to go to sleep on piles of hay in the loft.

After the children had gone, the mother brought out six small packages of candy that she had made. She wiped her eyes often as she hung her meager gift on the branches, for never before

had her family had such a poor Christmas. Finally she, too, climbed the ladder, closing the trap door behind her. Would the Christmas Angel come? She hoped so.

The children were still talking about their beautiful tree, of its good odor, and of the visit of the Christmas Angel, but when the tired mother was in bed, all was still.

Now another mother and her children lived in that loft where the children were sleeping. It wasn't a mother cat and her kittens. It wasn't a mother dog and her puppies. It wasn't a mother mouse and her babies. You would never guess, so you will have to be told. It was a mother spider and her little ones. Neither family bothered the other one, so they were good friends.

Of course the baby spiders were fast asleep before the children came up the ladder to bed, but the mother spider heard every word that the children said. What a strange tree that must be downstairs to be covered with peppers and apples and berries, all at the same time! She must surely go down to see it.

When all was still in the loft, the mother spider went tippy-toe, tippy-toe across the floor. She crept through a crack under the trap door and started to run down the ladder. Suddenly the dark room below was flooded with light. Before the tree stood a beautiful lady, dressed in dazzling white. She had a silver wand in her hand, and her face was covered with smiles as she touched one and another of the children's gifts, saying,

"Every one is given with love in the heart! Every one! What a beautiful tree this is!"

At first the mother spider was afraid of the bright stranger, so she had crept to the back of the ladder. But when she saw the kind face and the loving smiles, she knew that the visitor would be good to a small animal, so she ran quickly down the ladder, stood before the lady, and made a pretty curtsy.

"Are you the Christmas Angel that the children were talking about?" she asked, politely.

"I am the Christmas Angel," said the lady. "Who are you, and why are you here?"

"Oh, I live in this house. My babies are asleep in the loft just above where the children are sleeping," said the spider. "I had never seen a Christmas tree, so when the children talked about the one down here, I wanted to see it for myself. May I look at the tree now?"

"It is the children's tree," said the Angel. "Perhaps they wouldn't want you to look at it."

"Dearie me," laughed the spider, "the children would want me to look at their tree. Why, I work and play close beside them all day long. I love those six children."

"Well," said the Christmas Angel, "if you have love in your heart, you may look at the children's tree, but you must change nothing."

"The tree is so big, and I am so small, that I should like to run up into the branches, if I may," said the spider. "I'll be very, very careful."

"If you are sure that you have love in your heart, and if your feet are surely clean, you may climb the children's tree," replied the Christmas Angel. "But you must move quickly for I am in a great hurry, and I must leave everything just as I found it."

The mother spider thanked her and ran quickly up the trunk of the tree. She went round and round the limbs. She went round and round the packages, also. She sniffed the good smells, and smacked her jaws over a bit of sugar that she found outside one package of candy. Last of all, she ran to the very top of the tree and looked down. It was so beautiful.

"Thank you, Christmas Angel," she said as she left the tree. "I wish my babies might have a Christmas tree some day. I shall bring them all down to see this one tomorrow. Good night."

The mother spider was just ready to get through the tiny crack under the trap door when she heard the Christmas Angel call, in a very cross voice:

"You naughty, naughty spider. Come right back down here. You told me that you had love in your heart, and that you wouldn't hurt the children's tree. See what you have done! You

have covered the tree with ugly, gray cobwebs. Oh, dear! What can I do now?"

The mother spider was so frightened that she nearly fell off the ladder. She was crying when she stood again before the Christmas Angel, and her knees were shaking so that she could hardly stand.

"I do have love in my heart," she sobbed. "I do love those little children. I had nothing else to give the children for their tree. I have given them every bit of my web, and now I have nothing left with which to make a Christmas web for my own children. I thought the children would like my nicely made web on their tree. I think it looks nice around their packages. What can we do? What can we do?"

"There, there," said the Christmas Angel. "Wipe your eyes. If you gave with love in your heart to make the children happy, then I must do something about it. See! I will wave my wand."

The eyes of the mother spider grew bigger and bigger as the gray lines on the Christmas tree began to change to silver and to gold; to red and to green. They glittered and shone and sparkled. Over the tree, around the paper angel at the top, and fastening every package were the beautiful trimmings.

"Oh! Oh! How beautiful!" exclaimed the mother spider. "It is much more beautiful than before. Don't you think so? Now I can go to bed knowing that I have done something to make the children happy on Christmas Day. Thank you, Christmas Angel. Good night."

The Christmas Angel quietly closed the door and left the tiny room in darkness, but as she closed the gate, she looked back, saying,

"It is the most beautiful tree that I have seen this night. I must tell other mothers to do as the little spider has done: trim their trees with threads of silver and of gold; with threads of red and of green. Love makes all things beautiful. Love is the greatest gift in the world."





## *Peter's Christmas Present*

GOOD-BY, MOTHER," CALLED YOUNG PETER KANE AS HE WENT through the farmyard gate. "I'll be back tomorrow with a present for you, one for Father and one for Mary. Maybe I'll have one for myself, too." He waved his cap merrily, threw her another kiss, and was gone around the bend in the road.

"Want a lift, boy?" asked a farmer, two hours later.

Peter's feet were aching and he longed to accept the invitation, but he remembered his mother's oft-repeated warning: "Keep right on walking, son, and don't pay any attention to folks who want you to stop or to ride. You may lose your money if you do." So, with a sigh, he shook his head and hurried on.

Peter was off on a great adventure. He felt as rich as a millionaire as he jammed his hands down into his pockets to see if his precious coins were there. He smiled as he fingered the piece of money in his right-hand pocket.

"One shilling!" he said in a satisfied tone. "Two shillings!" he chuckled as he turned over the large coin in his left-hand pocket. "Two whole shillings to spend just as I please. When I come back along this road I shall have my hands full of packages. Now which present shall I buy first? I think I'll just find all four before I buy any. I'll see when I get to the stores." Whistling merrily, he trudged on.

The town to which Peter was walking was eight miles away from the hillside farm where he lived with his father, mother and younger sister, Mary. Peter had never once been to that town, but he had often heard about the big stores and fine churches to be seen there. Whenever he had asked to be allowed to walk to the town, his mother's reply had always been:

"You're too small to walk so far, Peter. Wait awhile." The years had gone by. Each Christmas he had hoped to buy his own Christmas presents. Each year they had been chosen for him. But in September his mother had said:

"You may go to town two days before Christmas this year, Peter. I can trust you now to take the long trip by yourself, I think."

That very day he had begun to plan for gifts, and he had started to save pennies in a little bag that hung by his bedside. So many, many times he had counted those pennies! When the time for him to go drew near, his father had changed the pennies into two bright shillings, and had also given him a few pennies for something to eat or drink. Yes, Peter was off on a great adventure.

The boy was small for his age, and his features were homely. His eyes were large and deep-set, and his ears protruded from his head. Freckles covered every bit of his face in summer, but Peter didn't mind. His face was always merry, and his smile was worth going far to see. His little pug nose was often the butt of fun among his schoolmates, yet they knew that his brown eyes were always watching for helpful things to do. Everyone—old and young—liked Peter Kane.

"Two shillings!" he repeated, as he saw the town nestled in the valley ahead of him. "What shall I buy? Father needs a new necktie, and he'd look grand in a red one. Mother likes pretty aprons. Maybe I can get her one trimmed with red to go with Father's tie. Mary wants a workbox. I'd like to buy something for myself, too, for I've worked hard to save all that money. Skates, maybe."

At noon he stopped in a tiny store and ate the good lunch his mother had given him. His feet felt very heavy, and he was glad he was almost to the big stores.

"Maybe I'll spend all my money for Mother," he thought, as he closed his lunchbox. "I'd like to take her a lot of things. She's always giving me nice presents, and she always seems to understand when I tell her things. I'll look around first, anyway."

The town clock was striking two when Peter entered Main Street. He wanted to sit down to rest, but the windows of the stores fascinated him. How big they were! How many things there were from which to choose! Soon he was visiting one store after another. No necktie was too gay for his father; no apron was good enough for his mother. Mary must have one of the woolen bags with a red tassel at the bottom. The clerk had told him that workboxes were out of style, and Mary would want to be in style when she used it. All this time he had asked no prices, feeling very sure that his two shillings were ample for what he wanted to buy.

"Can I buy some skates here?" he asked late in the afternoon, poking his head through the doorway of a hardware store.

"You surely can," replied the owner, leading him to a counter on which many skates were displayed. "Help yourself."

Peter looked them all over, running his fingers cautiously over the sharp blades. He had never dreamed there were such beautiful skates. How they would glide over the good ice on the pond back of the farm!

"I'll buy my present tonight," he thought. "Tomorrow morning I'll be more rested to choose the others. How much can I have these for?" he asked, holding up a fine pair.

"Those are four dollars," replied the owner.

"Four dollars!" repeated the boy. "Did you say dollars? I haven't even one dollar. Can't I buy skates for a shilling?"

Looking into the earnest, puzzled face of the boy, the man realized that a tragedy was being enacted, and he felt sorry for the little fellow. Reaching across the counter, he took the hand of the boy into his own, saying,

"I'm sorry, sonny, but you can't buy any skates at all for less than two dollars. Let me help you choose something that you can buy with the money that you have. A knife, perhaps."

Peter shook his head sadly. He pinched hard on the coins in his pocket, and left the store without saying a word. He wished

now that he had accepted the dollar that his father had urged him to take along.

"Guess I won't buy anything for myself this time," he said, thoughtfully.

From one store to another Peter went again. The apron that he wanted cost more than two shillings; any necktie that he could buy was drab and homely. The woolen bag with the tassel was a whole dollar. Finally, his knees seemed about to give way under him and he sank down on a chair in one of the stores to think and to rest. He was puzzled, tired, hungry and lonely.

"I'll go to find Mother's friend where I am to stay all night," he said at last. "I'll ask her what to do. I didn't know little things cost so much."

Just then the door of the store opened and a pale, little girl came in. An old faded sweater, much too large for her, covered her like a great coat. Over her head was a cheap, faded shawl which made her face look pinched and thin. Her stockings were full of holes; her shoes were old, and one sole flapped noisily as she walked across the floor. The day was cold, and she looked blue and scrawny. She seemed like a shadow as she went shyly past the boy toward the doll counter. Peter watched her, fascinated. He had never seen a child like her before.

At first she just looked and looked at the dolls, her face full of love and longing. Then she stealthily reached out her hand and tenderly touched one after another.

"Only two with pink dresses," Peter heard her murmur. "Someday I am going to have a pink dress. I'm going to have a doll with a pink dress, too, someday. Someday," she repeated slowly. The plaid shawl had fallen back from her dark, curly, uncombed hair, unnoticed by her. She was lost in the fairyland of dolls.

Peter crept nearer and nearer. He wanted to take off his warm coat and to give it to her. He wished he dared offer her the big, red apple that he had in that coat pocket. She had put her head

down on the counter, close to the doll with the pink dress, and Peter felt sure she was trying to kiss it.

"Haven't you any doll with a pink dress that I could buy for three pennies?" she asked timidly when a clerk came to find out why she was handling the dolls on the counter.

"No, indeed," was the haughty reply. "We don't carry cheap dolls in this store. The lowest price for a doll with a pink dress is two shillings. That tiny one there has a pink dress, but it has a broken hand. You can have her for two shillings."

"Two shillings!" cried the child. "That's an awful lot of money. I have saved only three cents. Oh, dear! I thought it might buy me a doll," and Peter saw a big tear roll down her pale face. "Someday I'll have one," she cried fiercely, "and with a pink dress, too." She drew the faded shawl closely about her pinched face as if to go, but she turned back, saying,

"Could I just touch the doll with the pink dress again? I'll be careful not to get it dirty. I wish I had a doll with a pink dress."

The clerk stepped quickly from behind the counter and gently laid the tiny, cheap, broken doll in the arms of the child, leaving it there while she loved it a bit. At last she said,

"Now run along, little one. You have given the dolly a big hug, and I must put her back with the rest of the dolls. Good-by. Merry Christmas."

Peter watched the little girl as she went out of the door. She looked so lonely, so tired and so cold that it made his heart ache.

"Two shillings!" he said to himself. "The lowest price for a doll with a pink dress is two shillings! I can't buy skates or an apron or a necktie or a woolen bag, but I can buy a doll with a pink dress for that little girl—and I will, too. What do I want with a present, anyway? I have lots of things. Mary and Father and Mother will all have lots of things for Christmas. Maybe that little girl won't have a single thing if I don't buy that doll. I'd like to see her eyes shine. I know just how she felt when she had only three cents and the doll was two shillings."



Hurrying back from the window where he had been watching, he said to the clerk,

"I want the doll that that little girl was holding. Quick! Never mind wrapping it. Here's your two shillings." He handed those precious coins over the counter and rushed out of the door into the street. Oh! the child was nowhere to be seen. Peter began to wonder what he would do with the doll if he couldn't find her. He hid it under his coat and looked into every doorway down the street. Finally, he turned into an alley back of the stores, and saw her. She was standing in the doorway of a very old house. She was wiping her eyes on the old faded shawl.

Into one of the little cold, blue hands Peter pressed the doll with the pink dress; into the other, he slipped the big, red apple which had become very shiny as he had rubbed it in his pocket. Then he stood back to see what she would do and say.

At first the child looked frightened and puzzled. She drew back into the old doorway and peeked out to see who had given her the wonderful things; who had made her dream come true. Finally she realized from the smile on Peter's face that he was kind, and that he—a boy—was giving the doll to her. She fingered the pink dress as she drew the doll close to her, covering it tenderly with the old sweater to keep it warm. She smelled of the big, red apple, but made no attempt to bite a hole in its beautiful covering.

With a happy smile on her face, she came close to Peter and asked,

"Who are you? Are you Jesus' little brother?"

"No, course I ain't," said Peter, suddenly feeling very self-conscious. "I'm just Peter. Peter Kane. I had two shillings that I didn't need, so I bought the doll for your Christmas. My mother put the apple in my pocket before I left home this morning. We've got lots of apples like that. What made you think I was Jesus' little brother?"

A merry laugh rang down the street as she replied,

"I think you look like Him. His eyes were kind, like yours,



when He was blessing little children. I look at His picture every Sunday down at the Mission. I think He would buy a doll for a little girl, don't you?"

"Good-by," said Peter, very suddenly. "I have to go to get my supper. I hope you and the doll have a Merry Christmas."

His pockets felt very empty, but his happiness was greater than any he had ever had before as he turned and watched her kissing the doll with the pink dress and the broken hand. He turned several times before reaching the corner, but she didn't see him. She was eating his apple and loving her doll.

The next day, as Peter trudged homeward, the way seemed endless. He had expected to have his arms full of packages, and he didn't have a single one. What would they say at home when he told them that he had purchased only one thing—a doll? Peter hoped they wouldn't laugh at him. When he saw the roof of his home in the distance, he began to whistle, for a happy thought had come to him:

"Mother will understand," he said. "Mother will be glad that I bought the doll instead of a present for her. She will smile and hug me hard when I tell her that the little girl asked, 'Are you Jesus' little brother?' and thought I looked like Him. Mother will understand."



## *The Red Stocking*

WHEN SCHOOL CLOSED FOR THE DAY, BILL, THE SCHOOL TEASE, placed himself in the middle of the walk that led to the schoolyard. He put his big hands on his hips, spread his legs far apart, and shouted,

"Say, do any of you kids believe there is a Santa Claus?"

"I do," came a chorus of voices that were tiny and shrill. "I don't," called other voices that were loud and strong.

"Why didn't you answer my question?" asked Bill, pointing to a timid little girl who had been in the school less than a month. "Is there a Santa Claus?"

"I—I haven't seen one," said Martha, her eyes big with fear. "He never came to our house 'cause my father wouldn't let him."

"O-o-o-o!" cried the little ones.

"Haw-haw," roared Bill. "So your Dad drove him away, did he? Well he didn't, 'cause there ain't no Santa Claus. All the kids that think so are just babies."

The schoolyard was immediately in confusion. The bigger boys were angry at Bill for his meanness to Martha. The smaller children were eager to stand up for their good friend, Santa Claus. Some wanted to fight; others to cry. Martha, seeing a chance to slip out of the yard unnoticed, ran as fast as she could, putting her hands over her ears so that she could hear no more of Bill's loud talk. She kept right on running until she reached an old shed in the rear of her home. Too tired to go even one step farther, Martha sank down on the hay.

"No Santa Claus!" she cried. "That is what Father used to say. But I know there is one. Some of the girls have seen him. He didn't come to our house before, but now that Father has gone, I know he will come. I know he will."

After she had rested, Martha pushed the rickety door open and went into the kitchen. Her mother was sewing buttons on pants for boys. From morning to night that was what she did to make a living for her two little girls. Martha was nine and Betsy was six.

Betsy was blind, so she sat all day long close beside her mother's chair while Martha was at school. She listened eagerly for the clock to strike four, for then Martha would come and they could play together in the yard. Martha would tell her all the wonderful things that had happened during the day, and she would teach Betsy some of the things she herself had learned.

After the dishes had been washed, Martha took Betsy out into

the yard to make snowballs, and soon she was telling her what Bill had said and done.

"I'm going to ask Mother about it this very night," said Martha. "I want to know right away if there is a Santa Claus, and if he is coming here this year."

"When I ask Mother about Christmas, she cries," said Betsy. "I don't like to see Mother cry, so I'm going to stay out here if you are going to ask her that."

Two days went by, and Martha tried hard not to tell her mother what Bill had said, but one day the question just slipped out when she wasn't watching her tongue: "Mother, did Santa Claus ever come to our house?"

"No, he didn't," replied her mother sharply, dropping her sewing in her lap. "Not since Betsy came, and was blind. Your father didn't believe in Santa Claus."

"Won't he come this year?" asked Martha, and the lump in her throat seemed to grow bigger and bigger as she waited for her mother to answer.

"No, dear, I'm afraid he won't come this year," said her mother, with a deep sigh. "He doesn't know the way. It's—it's too far for him to come away up this hill. Maybe next year we'll be living where he can find us."

Seeing the unhappy look on her mother's face, Martha was sorry she had asked the question. She dropped her book to the floor and sat there in a little heap. Santa Claus wasn't coming! Yet the girls at school had all been sure that he would come to their houses.

"Mother! Mother!" whispered Martha, tugging at her mother's dress, "there is a Santa Claus, isn't there? Please just tell me that there is one." For a moment it was very still in the room; then Martha was pulled into her mother's lap. She heard her mother say,

"There was a Santa when I was a little girl, Martha, and he was very good to me and to my friends. I haven't seen him in

many a long day. Sometime he will come to our house again. I am sure of that, but not this year. He cannot come this year." She kissed the tears away from Martha's cheeks and urged her to run and play.

"I am very tired," she said, "and Betsy is lonely. Be a good girl and help us both. I must work fast if we have enough to eat tomorrow."

Martha slowly put on her coat, and then drew on the new, warm mittens her mother had made for her. On the way to the door she picked up her book and turned to the picture on page seven.

"Maybe if I had a red stocking," she whispered, "and if I hung it on our door like the one in the picture, Santa might see it and come to our house. He has to go over this hill to get to Stowe I know he is going there, for Mary said so." She closed the book and, as she went out to play with Betsy, she was saying,

"I'm going to get a red stocking somehow. I am going to hang it on that front door, too."

Well, Martha hunted everywhere for a red stocking or a piece of red cloth. She asked the boy who came with milk. She asked the woman at the grocery store. She hunted through all the bureau drawers and rag bags and closets. There was no red thing that she could use. The days hurried by, and Christmas Day drew near. Would she have to give up finding or making a stocking?

One morning, as she went to school, she saw something red in the road ahead of her. Red! Martha ran eagerly to pick it up. It was a long woolen scarf such as men wear in the country. Her dream had come true. Now she could have a red stocking. But was finding, keeping? Mother had taught her differently.

All day long she wondered as she kept the red scarf hidden safely in her desk. Just before school was out, she decided to do what her mother would expect her to do. She took the scarf to the teacher and told her where she had found it. Holding it up, the teacher asked if anyone had lost it. No one had. Did anyone

know who owned such a scarf? No one did. Martha held her breath. She stood with clenched hands as she waited before the desk. What would the teacher say next?

"It belongs to you now, Martha," said the teacher at last. "Someone must have lost it as he drove along the road. I expect you need it more than he does. Wrap it around your neck and keep warm this cold day. You look very nice in red."

Martha's feet fairly flew as she hurried home to Betsy. That night, after they were sure their mother was asleep, the two little girls climbed out of their warm bed. Martha cut out as large a stocking as she could from the red scarf. Martha threaded two needles with white thread. While she sewed one seam, Betsy sewed the other. The stitches were long, and the stocking was queer in shape, but to the little girls it was beautiful. It was wonderful to have been able to make one. Maybe it would be a magic stocking.

"Is it big enough to hold a doll?" whispered Betsy, long after they had snuggled down into bed again. "Course I couldn't see, but it felt big enough."

"It would hold a baby doll, anyway," said Martha, and Betsy repeated after her. "A baby doll. It will hold a baby doll. Oh, oh, oh!"

"He's got to bring her a baby doll," thought Martha. "He's got to find our red stocking."

All the next day, as the mother watched the happiness of the two girls, she was thankful that they had forgotten about Christmas. She longed to give them a Christmas such as she had had as a child. Perhaps there would be money enough left from buying their food to get each of them a little candy. She would sew faster, later.

"If I were only sure that their father would not come," she thought, "I would try to find some little thing for them. But if he came! No, I cannot risk it. Not this year."

When their mother started for the factory to return the big bundle of pants on which she had been working, Martha quickly



brought out the red stocking. She tied it fast to the old-fashioned knocker on the front door. She and Betsy had composed a letter to Santa Claus, and she pinned it to the toe of the stocking. After all was ready, she led Betsy down the road to a big stone, telling her to wait there for their mother.

"Be very sure that she enters the house by the back door," said Martha. "She might tell us to take the stocking down."

Running back to the house, Martha hurriedly took the note from the toe of the stocking and wrote another sentence on it; soon she brought her pencil to the door and wrote a second sentence. Three times she added words. When she heard Betsy and her mother talking as they came up the road, the note was pinned on the red stocking to stay. It read,

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,

You've never been to our house. We want you to come tonight. Betsy is six and I am nine. Please stop. BETSY AND MARTHA.

Our chimney isn't good to come down. Betsy wants a baby doll. She can't see but she can feel. Betsy never cries, but I sometimes do. MARTHA.

If you have enough, please leave us each something, but if you have only one thing, leave Betsy a baby doll. MARTHA.

Please come, for I want to know there is a Santa Claus. MARTHA.

The children had gone to bed, and the house was all dark, when old Pete Brent came riding down the road. He was driving a tired, lame horse. Peter was a cross, stingy man who lived all alone farther up the road. He owned the house where the children lived. Once it had been famed for its beauty, but now it was dilapidated and ugly.

Peter was on his way to make trouble. No rent had been paid for two months, and he was going to get it. His big farm boots made a lot of noise as he marched up the front walk. He raised his hand to give the knocker a hard bang; then he saw the red stocking, with the note pinned to the toe, hanging right over the knocker. Peter's eyes grew very hateful as he felt of the material of which the stocking was made. He shook his big, dirty fist at that queer stocking as he said,



"I never seen the beat of that. That's my good red scarf made into a stocking. I'll bet that Mother stole it when she come to tell me she didn't have no money for the rent. I'll fix her." He raised his hand again to knock, but stopped.

"Now that note might tell me why she ain't got no money for me," he said. "I'll read it before I go and wake her up to get my money." So he unpinning the note, carried it to his wagon and, by the light of a dirty lantern, he read:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,

You've never been to our house. We want you to come tonight. Betsy is six and I am nine. Please stop. BETSY AND MARTHA.

Our chimney isn't good to come down. Betsy wants a baby doll. She can't see but she can feel. Betsy never cries, but I sometimes do. MARTHA.

If you have enough, please leave us each something, but if you have only one thing, leave Betsy a baby doll. MARTHA.

Please come, for I want to know there is a Santa Claus. MARTHA.

"Huh!" exclaimed Peter Brent, turning the letter over and over in his hands. "That little black-haired girl must have writ that. Guess Santa would have a time getting down that chimney. It's falling down." He looked back at the door and smiled at the funny stocking, saying,

"I wonder where she got my scarf. I wonder if them kids made that stocking. It's sure a funny one."

A moment later Peter had quite forgotten the queer red stocking, for he was reliving Christmas days many years before; days when he had had a little girl. He had helped her hang her stockings. He had laughed at her letter to Santa Claus. The crossness began to go out of Peter's face, and a great loneliness crept in. Yes, Peter was a lonely, old man, and that was the reason he was a cross, old man.

Suddenly he stuffed the letter into his pocket, whipped up the horse, and took the road to town. The lights were out in the village store, but Peter went to the owner's home, read him Martha's letter, and showed him a ten dollar bill that he was going to spend. So the two men went to the store.

Two dolls, two books, two pairs of stockings and two sweaters, one red and one blue, found their way into a box on the counter. Candy, oranges and apples were in a bag on the seat when Peter drove back up the hill. He was happier than he had been for years and he whistled as he hurried along.

Sitting in the old wagon, he wrote on the opposite side of the paper on which Martha's letter was written,

DEAR MARTHA AND BETSY,

Santy Claus sent a helper 'cause he was too busy to come himself. I hope you like the things in your nice red stocking. We'll have that chimney fixed before next Christmas. Tell your mammy to look in the pocket of the blue sweater. Santy Claus won't forget you again. UNCLE PETER.

Sure there's a Santy Claus and he thinks Christmas is fun.

Peter stole quietly up to the house, stuffed the stocking full to the top, and left the big box on the door step. He pinned the note to the stocking again. Then he went home to bed.

The next morning Peter's wagon was again under the big tree by the gate. It was very early. There the big red stocking hung on the door, bright with the rising sun, and Peter grinned as he looked at it. What a queer stocking it was! Soon he saw the front door slowly open; then two brown heads peeped out. The little blind girl stood eagerly waiting for her sister to tell her what she saw.

"Mother! Mother!" Peter heard Martha call. "Come here! Come here, Mother! Santa came, Betsy. Our red stocking is full, and here is a big box, too. Oh, Betsy, I see a baby doll; a dear little baby doll with yellow curls."

"A dear little baby doll with yellow curls," echoed Betsy. "Oh, Oh, Oh!"

Two happy voices exclaimed over every thing that they took from the red stocking. Martha read the note to Betsy, and then the door was closed behind them.

"Get up, Major," cried Peter, pulling on the lines. "I'm in a

hurry. We'll go home to get some tools and fix that chimney. Maybe them little kids'll show me their presents. Maybe I'll hear how they like their dolls. Maybe they'll be wearing their sweaters and look better than they did when I was there before. Get up, Major! I'm in a hurry! Don't you know it's Christmas?"

















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